

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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## SHELLGUIDE to AUGUST lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



(1) *Poppies*, which the farmer cannot destroy so easily, have been splendid in the wheat since farming began. Our 'Poppy' goes back to *pa pa*, the name used for them 6,000 years ago by farmers in ancient Mesopotamia. Yet the flower-show of the corn is not what it was. (2) *Cornflower* or *Bluebottle*, which used to spread an azure dye through the fields, and (3) *Corn Cockle* are becoming rare now that seed corn is better cleaned. Common by verges and in cornfields (4) *White Campion* was probably introduced by our first farmers some 2,000 years before Christ.

Tangles of vegetation are brightened now by (5) *Tufted Vetch*; (6) *Toadflax* or *Butter-and-Eggs*, a ruthless spreader if allowed in gardens; (7) *Larger Bindweed* one of several white flowers named *Lady's Smock*; and by (8) *Yarrow* which the Grete Herball of 1526 called *Carpenter's Grass*, since 'it is good to rejoyne and soudre wounds'. August is the month for the wide-eyed (9) *Grass of Parnassus*, especially among northern mountains, and for (10) *Himalayan Balsam* or *Policeman's Helmet*, introduced to greenhouses from India in 1839, and now a magnificent escape along rivers and canals.



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sure of



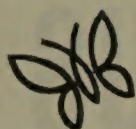
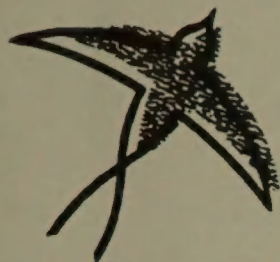
THE KEY TO THE COUNTRYSIDE



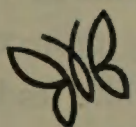
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for a

**SUMMER HOLIDAY**

where **Irish Skies**  
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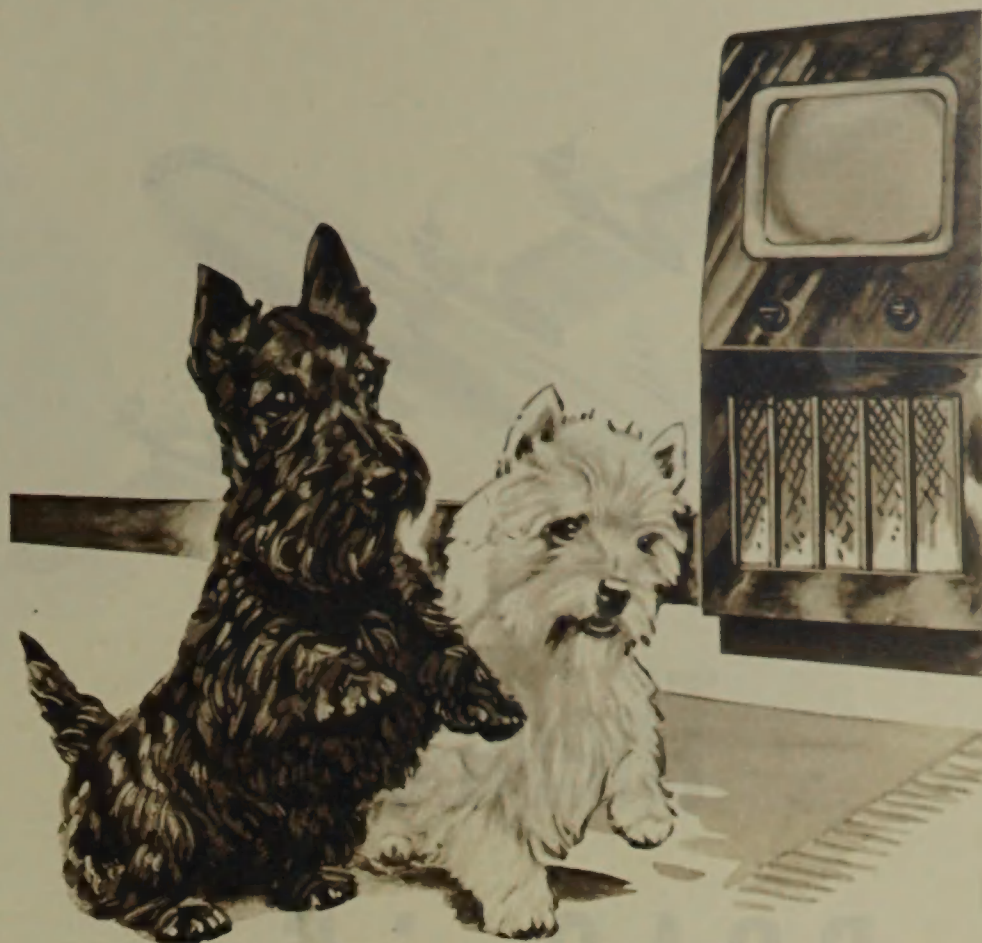
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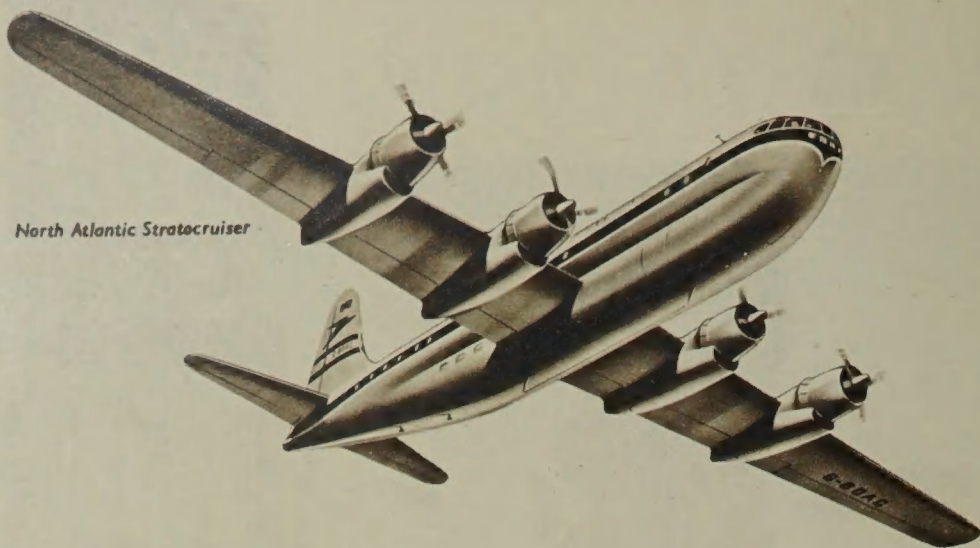
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# PAIN



# versus weather

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There are houses three hundred years old standing today to testify to the extraordinary protective qualities of white lead paint. And remember, white lead paint resists cracking and flaking, keeps its surface in good condition for the next repaint, saves costs of preparation.

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Magnet White Lead Base HARD GLOSS Paint is the up-to-date version of this trusty friend. Hard Gloss. Lasting Protection. A range of 32 intermixable colours. If your Decorator doesn't tell you, you tell your Decorator . . .

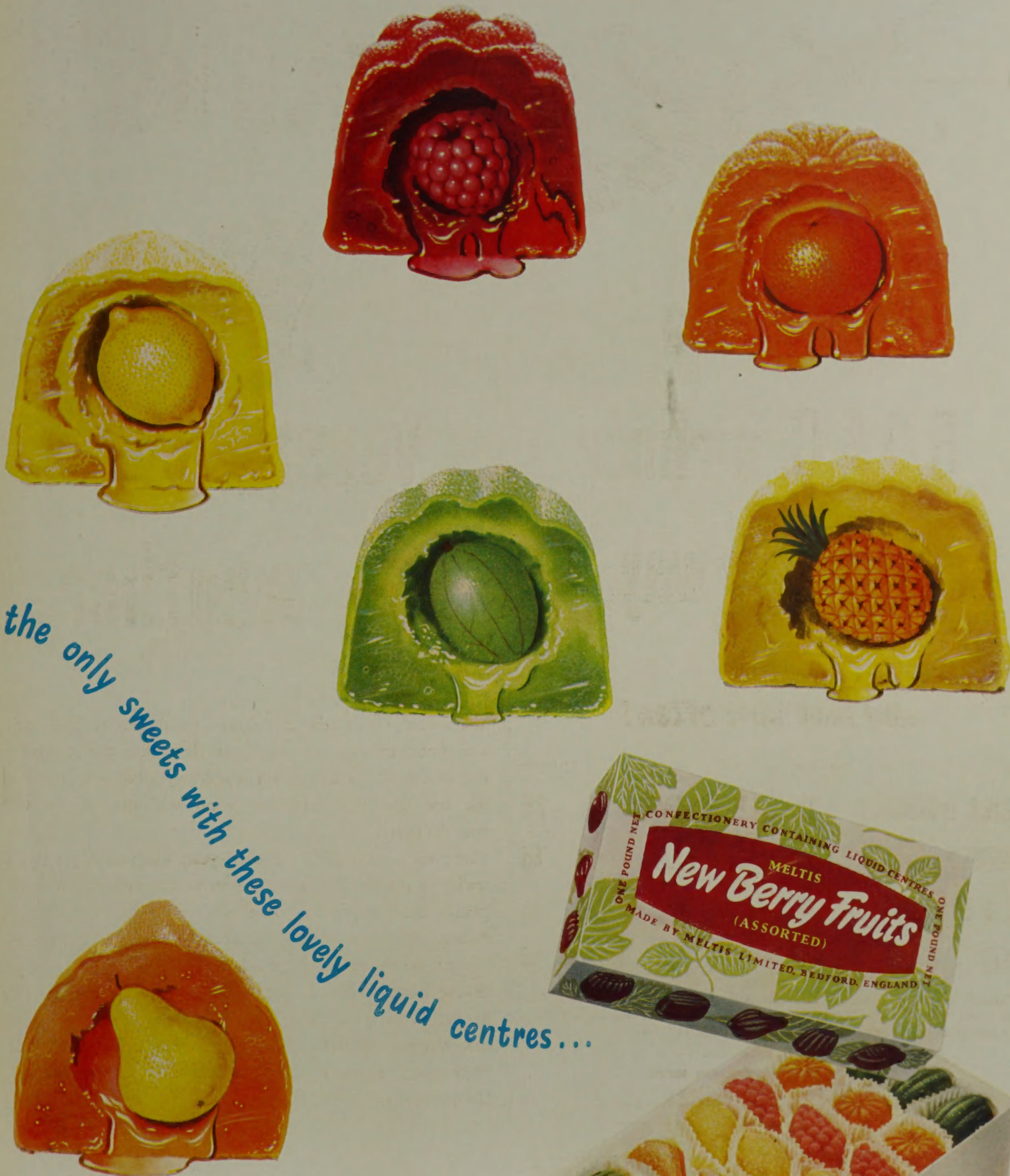
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***New Berry Fruits***

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## Alice in Posterland

"He runs with all his might," panted the Lion, "but I run with might and mane, you know."

"My Goodness," Alice exclaimed, "you *are* fast."

"Your Goodness—puff—my dear young lady—puff—has nothing to do with it," said the Lion. "It's the Keeper's Goodness I'm after—the Goodness in his Guinness. I haven't the strength to catch him till I've had a Guinness."

"But you can't have the Guinness till you catch him," Alice objected.

"I know," said the Lion. "That's what makes me such a *wild* animal."

**GUINNESS  
IS GOOD FOR YOU**

NOTICE  
PLEASE DO NOT  
TEASE  
THE ANIMALS



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1954.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING A PADDLE STEAMER WHICH CARRIED "SOURDOUGHS" IN THE DAWSON CITY GOLD-RUSH DAYS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ON BOARD THE KLONDIKE.

During his visit to Whitehorse, capital of the Yukon Territory, Canada, the Duke of Edinburgh enjoyed some unusual experiences. On August 8 he spent an hour and a half cruising on the Yukon River in the old paddle steamer *KlonDIke*, a cumbersome craft which once plied between Whitehorse and Dawson City, carrying miners, gamblers, dancing-girls and adventurers in the hectic, colourful days of the great gold rush. She has now been refitted and is used for the tourist trade. The Duke

was with the master, Captain Bromley, in the wheelhouse during the cruise, and at one time he took the wheel. Accompanied by the Mayor of Whitehorse, Mr. Gordon Armstrong, his Royal Highness toured the vessel, and was much amused by the murals which adorn the lounge. They illustrate episodes from Robert Service's poems, and depict can-can dancers in the music halls of Dawson City and Whitehorse during the gold rush; and other typical Klondike scenes.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WAS there ever such a wet summer in England; such a stormy and gusty one? Day after day our hopes have risen at some momentary lightening of the horizons, some slight rise in the Novemberish temperature, some transient hour of reviving sunshine, only to be dashed next morning, or even the same night, by new-lowering skies, sudden gale or utterly unmerited thunderstorm. Chimneys have come rattling down, trolley-buses on coastal esplanades lifted into the air, old ladies and cows blown over hedges: yet still the dismal chronicle of climatic woe in the newspapers has continued unabated, and no one except cinema-proprietors and mackintosh-makers has had a happy moment. And, as if the scientists in our midst were not already sufficiently unpopular, a dreadful suspicion has developed in half-drowned English minds that their experiments in atomic warfare may have altered our climate for the worse. Indeed, I believe that if the suspicion could be clearly fastened on anyone, and it was proved that some foreign Government was responsible for the present weather, this pacific nation would be roused to a pitch of ungovernable, Berserk rage. Monkeying about with the English climate is almost the only offence of which I can think that would cause the British people to a man to clamour for war! They can put up with it as long as they regard its vagaries as the act of an inscrutable Providence, but, once it comes to seem to them as an act of man, God help the man to whom they attribute it!

However, I suspect that the scientists may be right when they so self-consciously explain to an unbelieving public that the summer's almost continuous downpour cannot be attributed to nuclear fission. It is not that I have much faith in scientists and their explanations, but, having had occasion to write about the social life of England in more than one period of her past history, I have all the time been conscious of a vague, if impersonal, recollection of other summers as bad or worse. To assure myself that I was not dreaming this, I have just refreshed my memory by turning to my account, taken from contemporary documents, of one of the bad summers of the English past. It was the year after Waterloo:

The summer of 1816 proved the worst in memory, though in a brief spell of fine weather at the end of May young Keats, after a day in the Hampstead meadows, wrote his sonnet, "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill." Six weeks later, in a torrential July, Jane Austen among the sodden Hampshire fields finished her last and greatest book. "Oh! it rains again! it beats against the window," she told a friend, "we were obliged to turn back before we got there, but not soon enough to avoid a pelt all the way home. We met Mr. Woolls. . . . I talked of its being bad weather for the hay, and he returned me the comfort of its being much worse for the wheat." Such a summer, her fellow-writer, Mary Mitford, thought, was enough to make one wish for winter all the year round.

It was the same all over Western Europe. The English visitors who flocked to the Continent that summer—the first without war in fourteen years—found sullen, pitiless clouds, and the crops destroyed by snow and hailstones. Such stupid mists, fogs and perpetual density suggested to Byron that Castlereagh must have taken over the Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

And the effect of all this was even worse than the summer itself. "With the corn sprouting in October," I see I wrote, "wheat touched 103s. in December. In Ireland, where the potato crop failed, the poor were reduced to stalks and nettles. Bamford saw an unemployed calico weaver's wife drop dead from hunger, with her babe at her breast, as she begged before the Middleton overseers for relief. A Scotsman travelling across England at the year's end found half the houses along the road with placards announcing the sale of farming stock. Everywhere farmers were ruined, bankers failing, the bread like dough."

Nor was this horrible summer unique, even in the cycle of the comparatively few years about which I have written. There was the summer of 1795, for instance, following an icy February, when it remained persistently cold

throughout the months when Englishmen expect at least a few days of sun and warmth, so that both crops and sheep suffered from blight and corn prices rose astronomically. It was the summer when the Berkshire magistrates, meeting at Speenhamland, adopted their well-meaning but disastrous palliative which resulted during the next three decades in a quarter or more of the rural population being driven on the rates. And the summer of 1799, when England was in the throes of her great duel with Revolutionary and Napoleonic France, was one of almost continuous rain. So twelve years later, when the struggle was reaching its final climax, was that of 1811, whose ruined harvest helped to cause the Luddites' riots in the East Midland and North Country manufacturing towns, where men with blackened faces handed anonymous threats to machine-owners or assembled with axes, hammers and muskets outside the moorside mills to break the hated machines inside them. There were other summers as bad in the seventeenth century, and others in the Middle Ages which brought famine and pestilence to whole communities who could look, because of lack of transport, for little help from the outside world when their own harvest failed. And in the lifetime of quite a number of people still living, including our present Prime Minister, there was the summer of 1879, when the harvest blackened in the fields and 3,000,000 sheep died of rot: the summer that saw the end of Victorian Britain's

agricultural prosperity and heralded in the long decline of farmers and landlords that was only halted by the two World Wars of the twentieth century.

Even my own limited memory of little more than fifty years includes some summers as bad or almost as bad as this. I particularly remember the long aftermath of St. Swithin's Day in 1930, because I happened to be producing and acting in a pastoral masque out of doors on that very day—a particularly silly thing to do! After a brief spell of lovely weather there descended on the afternoon of the first performance a combination of climatic horrors that I have seldom seen equalled in this country and never surpassed. I cannot recall any thunderbolts, but there was everything else! Part of the audience stuck it out to the end, but not a word spoken by the shivering cast—we were mostly dressed in ersatz leopard-skins and muslin smocks—could be heard through the roaring of the wind and the sound of hail tapping on umbrellas. This was more than could be said of the performance

on the following evening when, though the rain stopped for an hour or so, the temperature fell to what seemed very near freezing-point. At the climax of the performance, a few minutes before the end, just as the principal character—now a famous B.B.C. announcer—was starting to declaim one of the most beautiful of all Milton's passages, a deep-voiced Northumbrian hall-porter, who had been posted with a megaphone at a vantage-point some 200 yards away in order to speed the audience after the performance to the refreshment-tent and their waiting cars and buses, miscalculating the time, let out a tremendous shout of, "This way to the buffet!" As he did so, and while the Attendant Spirit, advancing down the stage, broke into the lines,

"To the heavens now I fly  
And those happy climes that lie  
In the broad fields of the sky."

the entire audience rose as one man and ran, like a herd of prisoners released, in the direction of the promised warmth and refreshment. Not even an atom bomb, then uninvented, could have cleared the auditorium quicker.

Yet hope springs eternal in the human breast. Though this morning, following the usual deceptive forecast, a tornado is lashing the trees under a January-looking sky and covering my lawn with dead leaves, I fully anticipate that by the time these reflections appear in late August, England will be bathed in a heat-wave. The more fool I!



BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST SINGLE DOLLAR EXPORT OF ANY KIND OF COMMODITY MADE IN BRITAIN SINCE THE WAR: ONE OF THE FORTY VICKERS VISCOUNT AIRCRAFT ORDERED BY THE AMERICAN COMPANY, CAPITAL AIRLINES, IN WHOSE COLOURS IT IS HERE SEEN FLYING.

It was announced on August 11 that Capital Airlines, which operates one of the largest internal networks of services in America, has decided to exercise its option of ordering thirty-seven Vickers Viscount propeller-turbine airliners, bringing the total number ordered to forty—the first three having already been ordered in June. The Company has, in addition, taken an option for twenty more Viscounts, with the intention of standardising its entire fleet with sixty Viscounts. The value of the order for forty aircraft, including spares, is 45,000,000 dollars (about £16,000,000). If the extra twenty are ordered, it will add a further 22,500,000 dollars (about £8,000,000) to the value of the contract. This contract is believed to be the largest single dollar commercial export order placed with a British company since the war for any commodity manufactured and assembled in the United Kingdom. It is certainly the largest sale of a British airliner. It brings the number of Viscounts sold to date to 143. The first of the forty planes will be delivered next March and the whole order will be delivered by August 1956.



# THE DUKE IN CANADA: VISITING THE YUKON, AND THE ARCTIC.



THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY TO VISIT THE ARCTIC: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVING AN ESKIMO TENT OF CARIBOU SKINS AT COPPERMINE, NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MEETS SOME OF THE QUEEN'S MOST REMOTE SUBJECTS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKING HANDS WITH AN ESKIMO WOMAN DURING HIS VISIT TO COPPERMINE.



TALKING TO ONE OF CANADA'S NOTED OLD LADIES: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH MRS. GEORGE BLACK, M.B.E., A FORMER M.P., AGED EIGHTY-SEVEN, AT WHITEHORSE.



YOUNG CANADA WELCOMES THE ROYAL VISITOR: SOME OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC SCHOOLCHILDREN WHO GREETED THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT WHITEHORSE, CAPITAL OF THE YUKON TERRITORY.



AT WHITEHORSE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH CHATTING WITH CHIEF PATSY HENDERSON, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERERS OF GOLD IN THE YUKON; AND HIS WIFE.



DEEPLY INTERESTED IN HEARING THE PROCESSES BY WHICH THE ORE IS EXTRACTED FROM PITCHBLLENDE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WEARING OVERALLS, AT THE URANIUM PLANT, PORT RADIUM.



IN THE GOLD-MINING TOWN OF YELLOWKNIFE, WHICH THE DUKE REACHED AFTER A 3 1/2-HOUR FLIGHT FROM COPPERMINE: A "MOUNTIE" ESCORTING A WORKER BEARING A GOLD BRICK.

The Duke of Edinburgh, first member of the British Royal family to visit the Arctic, explained in a broadcast that he had long wished to travel in Canada's North-West and to see for himself the new mines, new discoveries and new communities of which he had heard when he visited the Dominion with the Queen. His survey of Canada's northern areas took him to remote places where he met Indians, entered an Eskimo summer tent of caribou skins, ate Arctic char and bison meat, and inspected the uranium plant at Port Radium. He flew from

Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, to Fort Nelson, Northern B.C., transferred to amphibious craft for the flight to Fort Simpson and Port Radium, went on to Coppermine, a trading post and Eskimo settlement 100 miles within the Arctic Circle; and then continued the journey to Yellowknife. After crossing the Arctic Circle the Duke became "Airborne Iceworm of the Initial Degree," and accepted a scroll to this effect from the Royal Canadian Air Force. He has been confirmed in his belief that Canada is on the threshold of great prosperity.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**LEADER OF THE SUEZ SURVEY MISSION: SIR JOHN DUNCANSON.**

Sir John Duncanson, who was Iron and Steel Controller from 1942-45 and commercial and technical director of the British Iron and Steel Federation, 1945-48, is leader of the civilian survey mission which is to study the future maintenance of the Suez Canal base by civilian contractors. The mission, formed by the Federation of British Industries at the request of the Government, has 14 members.



**DIED ON AUGUST 14: DR. HUGO ECKENER.**

Dr. Eckener, designer of airships, was eighty-six. In 1906 he joined the Zeppelin Company at Friedrichshafen and during World War I. Zeppelins designed by him were used against this country. Dr. Eckener designed the *Graf Zeppelin*, the *Hindenburg*, and several airships for the U.S.A. He was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Aeronautical Society in 1936.



**DIED ON AUGUST 11: SIR STANLEY HEWETT.**

Sir Stanley Hewett, Extra Surgeon Apothecary to the Queen since 1952, and formerly Surgeon Apothecary to King George VI. and Queen Mary, was born in 1880. He received his medical education at Caius College, Cambridge, and St. Thomas's Hospital, and was made Surgeon Apothecary to King George V. in 1914 in succession to Sir Francis Laking.



**CREATED A VISCOUNT: MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON.**

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, whose resignation as Colonial Secretary was announced on July 28, has been created a Viscount. His accession to the House of Lords will mean a bye-election at Aldershot. On August 12, Mr. Lyttelton was elected chairman of the board of Associated Electrical Industries Ltd., the position he held from 1945-51.



**AUTHOR OF A BOOK ENTAILING HIS RESIGNATION: LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL.**

Lord Russell of Liverpool has resigned as Assistant Judge Advocate General. He obtained permission from the Lord Chancellor's office to write any factual or historical book; but in the Lord Chancellor's opinion the publication of "The Scourge of the Swastika" (due on August 19) was "not compatible with the holding of judicial office."



**CHAMPION CRIER FOR THE SIXTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR: MR. BEN JOHNSON.**

For the sixth successive year Mr. Ben Johnson Town Crier of Fowey, Cornwall, since 1936, won the *News of the World* National Town Criers Championship held this year at Hastings on August 14. He was National Champion in 1939 and again from 1949 to 1953. Our photograph shows Mr. Johnson with the Challenge Cup and the "replica" which he retains.



**RETIRED AS CHAMPION JOCKEY: SIR GORDON RICHARDS.**

Sir Gordon Richards, twenty-six times Champion Jockey, announced his retirement on August 10. Sir Gordon, who is fifty, is to become a trainer at Beckhampton. In 1933 he passed F. Archer's record of 259 winners in a season, and broke his own record in 1943 with 269. His complete riding record is 21,834 mounts, 4,870 winners. Sir Gordon was severely hurt after a fall at Sandown Park on July 10.



**NEW BISHOP OF BLACKBURN: THE RT. REV. W. H. BADDELEY.**

The Right Rev. W. H. Baddeley, Bishop Suffragan of Whitby since 1947, has been nominated Bishop of Blackburn in succession to the Rt. Rev. W. M. Askwith, who has been translated to the Bishopric of Gloucester. The Rt. Rev. Baddeley became Bishop of Melanesia in 1932, eluding the Japanese when they invaded one of the many islands of his diocese in World War II.



**SIGNING A PROTOCOL AT THE HAGUE ABOLISHING NETHERLANDS-INDONESIAN UNION: MR. LUNS (LEFT), NETHERLANDS MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO, AND MR. SUNARJO, INDONESIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.**

The Protocol abolishing the Netherlands-Indonesian Union of 1949, and putting the financial and economic relations between the two countries on a new basis, was signed in The Hague on August 10 after negotiations which began late in June. Commenting on the signing Mr. Sunarjo said that the abolition of the Union might lead to better relations between Indonesia and the Netherlands.



**HOME FROM THE ARCTIC: CDR. C. J. W. SIMPSON, R.N.**

After two years in Greenland on scientific exploration the main party of the British North Greenland Expedition, led by Commander (L) C. J. W. Simpson, R.N., arrived at Pembroke Dock, South Wales, on August 11, after completing a 2000-mile flight from Young Sound, in Queen Louisa Land.



**SIGNING THE BALKAN PACT AT BLED, YUGOSLAVIA: (L. TO R.) THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF GREECE, YUGOSLAVIA AND TURKEY, MR. S. STEFANOPOULOS, MR. K. POPOVIC AND MR. F. KÖPRÜLÜ**

The Balkan Pact—a twenty-year treaty of alliance, political co-operation and mutual assistance—between Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey, was signed at Bled, Yugoslavia on August 9 by the Foreign Ministers of the three countries. A Foreign Office statement issued in London said that "Her Majesty's Government consider that the alliance will be a contribution to the defence of the free world in that part of Europe."



AN AIR CRASH FROM WHICH ALL ESCAPED.

THE WRECKAGE OF THE BURNT-OUT VIKING.



AN AIR CRASH FROM WHICH THIRTY-SEVEN PEOPLE ESCAPED SAFELY: THE FOAM-COVERED WRECKAGE OF THE MAIN PART OF THE *VIKING* AIRCRAFT WHICH CAUGHT FIRE AT BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT. INSET IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS BERYL ROTHWELL, THE STEWARDESS, WHOSE COOLNESS AND EFFICIENCY HELPED TO PREVENT SERIOUS CASUALTIES.



AFTER THE *VIKING* CRASHED AT BLACKBUSHE AND WAS BURNT OUT: THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIRCRAFT'S GALLEY SECTION WITH SLICES OF BREAD, CUPS, PLATES, CANS OF BEER, AND OTHER ITEMS IN A TANGLED HEAP. ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE AIRCRAFT WAS THE TAIL PORTION, WHICH HAD BROKEN OFF.

On August 15, thirty-seven people escaped when a *Viking* aircraft made a forced landing at Blackbushe Airport, Hampshire. The *Viking*, which belonged to Airwork, Ltd., had taken off from Blackbushe and was flying to Nice and Italy with thirty-two passengers and a crew of five. After about a quarter-of-an-hour in the air an engine defect developed and the pilot, Captain A. Anderson, decided to return to Blackbushe on one engine. In landing, the aircraft undershot the runway and struck a low earth bank and then burst into flames. Firemen who were standing by poured foam on to it. Meanwhile, the stewardess, Miss Beryl Rothwell,

told the passengers to unfasten their safety belts and opened the rear door and directed the passengers to the exit, where they filed out quietly. Members of the crew left by the emergency window exit. Miss Rothwell had barely left the aircraft before it was enveloped in flames. Six passengers and three of the crew were taken to hospital, but only three were detained, and their injuries were not serious. Among the passengers, most of whom lost all their luggage, were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clewlow, of Stafford, who had been married on the previous day and were going to Italy for their honeymoon; neither was hurt.



# THE QUEEN'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.



# THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER.



ON this page we give the latest portraits of our two youngest Princesses of the Blood Royal, Princess Anne, the baby daughter of H.M. the Queen and her consort, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh; and Princess Alexandra, the débutante daughter of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and of H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent. Princess Anne, who was born on August 15, 1950, celebrated her fourth birthday at Balmoral. It was a day of new experience for her, as for the first time she accompanied the Queen, the Duke of Cornwall, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret to Crathie Church, and remained until just before the sermon, when she and the Duke of Cornwall

[Continued opposite.]

THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE, WHO CELEBRATED HER FOURTH BIRTHDAY AT BALMORAL ON AUGUST 15. [Portraits by Marcus Adams.]

Continued.] left with their nurse. In the afternoon the Princess had a little birthday party, and blew out the four candles on her cake. She received gifts from members of the Royal family, and from the staff and tenants on the Royal estate. Princess Alexandra, who made her début this season, will be eighteen on Christmas Day next. She has already carried out a number of public duties with the grace and poise which characterises all the members of the Royal family. To-day, August 21, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Princess Alexandra, is due to leave for her visit to Canada on the invitation of the Governor-General.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT; H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, WHO HAS ARRANGED TO LEAVE FOR CANADA WITH HER MOTHER TO-DAY, AUGUST 21. Portraits by Cecil Beaton.





**"ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, WHO DOES NOT KNOW? THAT WARDS THE WESTERN COAST": ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST ROMANTIC AND BEST-KNOWN CASTLES, WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN BY LORD ST. LEVAN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST.**

The National Trust has announced the gift of St. Michael's Mount from Lord St. Levan, subject to a lease to the family of part of the Castle, and certain freehold properties on the island, including part of the garden and some small houses being excepted from the gift. St. Michael's Mount, one of the most commanding sights in England, is separated from Marazion, in South Cornwall, by some 400 yards, but at low water is connected with the mainland by a stone causeway. Many legends attach to the Mount and its solitariness and grandeur suggest something of the romantic stories which have been woven round its weather-worn walls during the passing centuries. The Castle was originally a monastery dating from the time

of Edward the Confessor. It was rebuilt between 1135 and 1150 by Bernard, Abbot of Mont St. Michel, but most of the present building dates from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Mount was a fortress as well as a monastery from the time of Richard I. After the Reformation it became Crown property and in the seventeenth century it was granted successively to the Earls of Salisbury and the Basset family, until it finally passed in 1660 to the St. Aubyns, who have owned it ever since. Included in the gift are the small harbours and landing-stages at Marazion, as well as the Causeway. Lord St. Levan has provided a munificent endowment for the maintenance of the Mount for posterity.



## DIALLING WHITEHALL 1212.

"SCOTLAND YARD"; By SIR HAROLD SCOTT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

It was 1944. Mr. Herbert Morrison was Home Secretary, and Sir Harold Scott, who was Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, was summoned to the Home Office. When he went he thought he was going to be consulted on some aspect of Civil Defence. But no! Mr. Morrison asked him: "Can you ride a horse?" Had Sir Harold



IN THE MAP ROOM AT SCOTLAND YARD: A CRIME BOARD ON WHICH IS KEPT A DAY-TO-DAY RECORD OF CRIMES IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA.

been a junior serving officer he might have murmured to himself: "What on earth is this in aid of?" As it was, he was merely rather puzzled, and replied that he had never been much of a horseman and hadn't ridden for many years, but he thought he could ride well enough not to disgrace himself. "The Home Secretary then invited me to accept after the war the position of Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis." Mr. Morrison had merely been chubbily facetious.

Sir Harold was utterly astonished. From the start in 1829 "it had become almost traditional for the Commissioner to be chosen from among senior officers of the armed forces, and it was expected that when the then Commissioner, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game, retired, tradition would be followed." But he ought not to have been so surprised. Mr. Morrison, who dislikes the use of any weapon more lethal than the tongue, with which he can fence like an adept, was hardly a man to appoint senior officers of the armed forces to jobs if he could avoid it. He gave as his reason for the breach with tradition "the changed conditions of a post-war world." In what regard there had been changes which made the sort of appointment which was suitable before the war unsuitable after the war is not clear. Anyhow, Sir Harold, who, as chairman of the Prison Commission, had been closely in touch with the penal world, was appointed; and the appointment was a very good one.

So is his book; which he has laudably refrained from calling "Scotland Yard from Within." "Scotland Yard" to the general public, and the readers of "Who-Dun-Its"—the terms are almost coterminous—means the C.I.D.: the people who are reluctantly called in (reluctantly, according to the novelists) by the provincial police when they come up against a dead end. There is plenty here for the curious about murder. Sir Harold gives good accounts, from the police angle, of the cases of Heath, Haigh, Christie and Setty—whose murderer has never been convicted, though the police may have a shrewd idea (which isn't evidence) as to who he was. He gives fascinating descriptions of the biological, chemical and physical departments of the Yard which microscopically examine and identify all sorts of things, from poisons to particles of dust, and traces of clay. But the police have other

things to do than to investigate murders. Crimes against property are far more numerous than crimes against the person: and Sir Harold makes it emphatically clear that wars do not increase crimes of violence but crimes against property. "War is necessarily wasteful and those who take part in it have always felt themselves absolved to some extent from respect for property." Life and property are the concern of the police, there is also the question of traffic control. The Metropolitan Police cover an area of hundreds of square miles. They are inadequate in numbers. Some local authorities do not give them priority for housing, as they are not mostly of local origin. The good young ones mostly want to get married, and there is no accommodation for them. Rates of wages, at the moment, are higher in many civilian trades. And we are still short of police. All these things are discussed by Sir Harold in a reasonable way. He also forcibly puts the case for reform of the unfair and unworkable gambling laws, and for deportation of undesirable British subjects from Malta, Cyprus and elsewhere.

The book is well worth reading by anybody who is concerned with the problems of policing, the detection and prevention of crime, the standard and quantity of police recruiting, and the relations between police and public, which have for so long been so admirable that both in town and country the police (with rare exceptions) are regarded not merely as custodians, and just ones, of the law, but as friends of the citizen—to the surprise of the inhabitants of what Shakespeare, taking his usual liberties, called "less happier lands." But there is never a trace of Blue Book dullness about the chapters, for all their adherence to fact and earnestness about reforms achieved and to be considered. Jocularly would hardly be in place here. But there is occasionally a subcutaneous smile, as when Sir Harold says: "'A,' 'C,' and 'E' Divisions, for example, based on Cannon Row, Savile Row and Bow Street, cover the whole of that West End in which there is a unique concentration of human activity, not all of it commendable." And now and then he produces a story with a comic aspect.

The blitz of September 1940 was on. "As Chief Administrative Officer of the London Region, I conducted the Prime Minister [whom I need scarcely say was neither Mr. Neville Chamberlain nor Mr. Attlee] on a tour of the East End so that he might see for himself what was happening. A little black cat, I recall, caught our eye as we were crossing a railway line down at Silvertown, and the Prime Minister interrupted his inspection to spend some minutes talking to it, while I apprehensively wondered where the next bombs were going to fall." That was before



DROPPED BY A THIEF WHO WAS CAUGHT IN 1952: AN INGENUOUS TELESCOPIC WALKING-STICK USED TO GET INTO UPPER WINDOWS.

The telescopic walking-stick shown above is described by Sir Harold Scott in the book reviewed on this page. He says that the "stick" consists of "five telescopic tubes which, when pulled out, form a pole about 11 ft. long. At intervals of about a foot there are transverse holes through which the nine bolts can be pushed to form the rungs of a ladder, which could then be hooked on to a ledge or balcony by means of the crooked handle, which was covered with rubberized tape."

Illustrations from the book "Scotland Yard"; reproduced by courtesy of the publisher, Andre Deutsch, Ltd.



SIR HAROLD SCOTT, COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE 1945-53, AND THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Sir Harold Scott, who was born in 1887, was Chairman of H.M. Commissioners of Prisons for England and Wales, 1932-39. After serving in the Ministry of Home Security and as Chief Administrative Officer, London Civil Defence Region, he was Secretary, Ministry of Home Security, 1942-43; and Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Aircraft Production, 1943-45. This photograph shows Sir Harold on Coronation Day looking, as Sir John Squire says, "In spite of his spectacles . . . as self-possessed as Alexander on Bucephalus or Napoleon on Marengo."

Sir Harold became Commissioner. The oddest thing happened after he had taken office.

He drove his wife to Sloane Square to do some shopping—which sounds to me like Peter Jones. He drove off to park the car in a side-street. His wife came and asked him to go with her to see something which she had found.

"When we got back I found a young constable standing by the car with his notebook.

"Anything wrong, officer?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir. Do you know your car's on a pedestrian crossing?" he said.

"No!" I replied rather sharply, "And how can one see a crossing anyway when the road's covered with snow?"

"But you can see the Belisha beacons," replied the constable severely. "Afraid I'll have to report you to the Commissioner, Sir."

"Yes, of course," I said. "But what do I do then?"

"Do you know the Commissioner, Sir?" he asked.

"I am the Commissioner," I said.

The constable looked doubtful.

"How do I know you are?" he said, obviously puzzled how to proceed. "Have you your identity card?"

"Of course I had not, and I completely forgot the silver Commissioner's badge on my key-ring. However, my wife produced her card, and after some more questions the constable was satisfied, and even remembered having seen me in a film at the training school.

"Whatever you do," I advised him, "Don't destroy the entry in your notebook, but put in a report to your station. They'll know what to do."

"As we got into the car my wife, seeing the constable looking a little crestfallen, said, 'Well, officer, at any rate you've the satisfaction of being the only officer who has ever had cause to interrogate the Commissioner.'

"Just my luck, Ma'am," he replied gloomily, "I only left the training school a month ago and this is my first cop."

"I should add," says Sir Harold, "that I duly cautioned and censured the Commissioner for his breach of the Regulations." The episode would have been more perfectly rounded off had he fined himself and induced his wife to pay half the fine.

There are good illustrations in the book, including one of the sadist Heath, a very good-looking young man with a cleft chin and terrifying eyes. And there are maps showing the districts and divisions of the Metropolitan Police. After careful scrutiny I find that the Divisions missing are "I," "O," "U," and "Q." So if any writer of detective stories wants to write a yarn about ghastly corruption in the Metropolitan Police, a Superintendent, for example, up to the neck in it with the Master-Mind behind the nefarious Gang, he will be one stage towards safety if he places his rogue in one of those missing Divisions.

Amongst the illustrations, I must in justice add, there is one of Sir Harold, covered with stars on Coronation Day, riding a beautifully caparisoned horse. "Can you ride a horse?" indeed! In spite of his spectacles he looks as self-possessed as Alexander on Bucephalus or Napoleon on Marengo.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 310 of this issue.

\* "Scotland Yard." By Sir Harold Scott, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.B.E., Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, 1945-53. Illustrated. (Andre Deutsch; 16s.)



"THE PLAYING FIELDS OF SEATON", AND OTHER FEATURES OF RAMSGATE'S MODEL VILLAGE.



"SUNNYMEDE LOCK, WHICH FOR TEN YEARS IN SUCCESSION HAS WON THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST-KEPT LOCK ON THE RIVER ALDERBOURNE." PART OF RAMSGATE'S MODEL VILLAGE, SITUATED ON THE CLIFF TOP PROMENADE, WEST CLIFF.



"TOWERING ABOVE THE TOWN OF CASTLEWODE, TO WHICH IT GIVES ITS NAME, IS THE MEDIAEVAL CASTLE, BUILT IN 1290 BY SIR CRISPIN DE FOLDEROL." THE MODEL VILLAGE IS ABOUT AN ACRE IN EXTENT.



"A TRIBUTE TO THE FERTILE SOIL AND THE SKILL OF THE FARMER: THE FAT CATTLE AND PIGS OF TENFOLD FARM, CASTLEWODE." MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC ARE ADMITTED TO THE "VILLAGE" ALL THE YEAR ROUND.



"WHERE GREAT BATTLES HAVE BEEN WON AND LOST; THE PLAYING FIELDS OF SEATON, SHOWING SEATON COLLEGE, THE SCHOOL CHAPEL AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE MANOR HOUSE OF COMPTON ABBAS."



"THE VILLAGE OF PASTURES GREEN, NOW UNDER THE CARE OF THE NATIONAL TRUST, SHOWING THE 'LAUGHING CAVALIER' INN, BENJAMIN BISKETT AND SONS, GROCERS; ROWGES' GALLERY, ART DEALERS; AND THE GUILDHALL."

To the holiday-makers who visit Ramsgate, in Kent, each year, one of the main attractions is the Model Village, a charming reproduction of England's Tudor countryside in miniature. Children, especially, must find it great fun for here on the Cliff Top Promenade, stretching over an acre of ground, is a wonderful collection of exquisite dolls' houses. They may find the "Village" instructive, too, for it has been modelled on the conceptions of the Tudor days, when the influential families dominated the development and life of their areas from resplendent mansions. The history and traditions of England are those of its gracious countryside, rather than its teeming and industrial cities. Here, dominated by a mediæval castle, is the ancient market town of "Castlewode," with its "sixteenth-century Church



"WAITING TO BOARD THE COMET FOR NEVER-NEVER LAND: PASSENGERS AT THE ULTRA-MODERN AIRPORT OF SPAN AIRWAYS, CASTLEWODE." ONE OF RAMSGATE'S MOST POPULAR ATTRACTIONS, THE MODEL VILLAGE WAS OPENED LAST SUMMER.

of St. Agrippa." The Lord of the Manor, "Viscount Trowte, O.B.E., M.C." lives in the magnificent Tudor mansion of "Compton Abbas" and no doubt was educated at "Seaton College" upon whose playing fields many battles have been won and lost. Near by is the picturesque village of "Pastures Green," boasting a fine old coaching inn "The Laughing Cavalier," and a Guildhall attributed to Wren. Close by is the prosperous "Tenfold Farm," and "Sunnymede Lock" on the "River Alderbourne"—only 6 ft. wide! Lastly, for those who wish to make frequent flights to Never-Never Land, there is a modern airport belonging to "Span Airways," with its latest Comet jet-airliner. The Model Village, open all the year round, took three years to complete.



WE have to pick up the threads again in the Levant and make the best of the situation. I do not intend to discuss the agreement with Egypt or examine the arguments for or against it, except to say that I consider it to be less favourable than the majority of well-informed observers hoped or expected. Charges and counter-charges belong to the field of politics and I am going to look at the business from the military point of view. In a case like this, the military planner has to go through his appreciation, cut out all that no longer applies, and write a new one. He is used to that, because even when there is no change in the situation and policy of his own Government, there are often changes in the situation and outlook of other nations, and these may exercise a similar effect. Practice makes him philosophical. He may in this case feel a certain amount of gratitude to the politicians for having hung on until the strength in the Mediterranean had been greatly increased. The entry of Greece and Turkey into NATO and the new pact with Yugoslavia make a difference.

Writing a good many years ago the official history of the First World War campaigns in Egypt and Palestine, I remarked in the first chapter that the first interest of Britain in Egypt was to keep open the Suez Canal. This was then true. In war the Canal was of very great importance to us from many points of view, but most of all as a connecting-link with India. Since then the emphasis has somewhat changed, though no one will deny that the Suez Canal remains important. Few will deny the strategic significance of Egypt, though it has been stated that its value as a base has been decreased by the hydrogen bomb. To-day the foremost factor in the eastern Mediterranean from the British point of view is to be found in our obligation as a member of the North Atlantic Treaty. Defence of oil production and transportation is a second. Our own interest in keeping open Commonwealth communications is a third. In addition, we have an

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. WHAT NOW IN THE MIDDLE EAST?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

written be accepted, an aspiration rather than a positive pledge. It may be argued that the Suez Canal is particularly vulnerable to such weapons, but the value of the Egyptian base is not wholly dependent on the Canal. The base was valuable in the Second World War even when the Canal could not be approached on the Mediterranean side. I have often spoken of the importance of the back and front doors to Egypt, from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. I mention them once more.

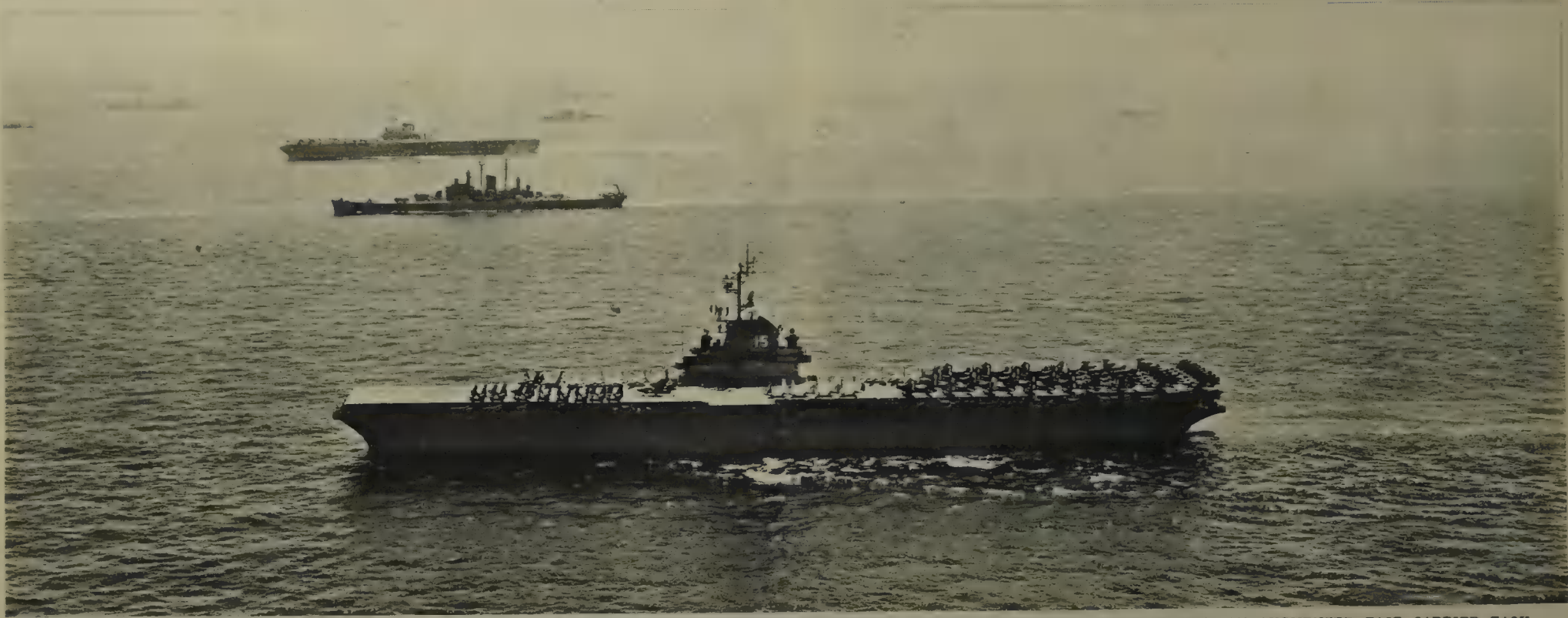
The situation then, is that the sort of Middle East strategy which we envisaged until a few months ago cannot be maintained without the Egyptian base, that we cannot make use of this in time of peace, and that we cannot rely as positively as before upon making effective use of it in time of war. Hence the need for a new plan and a new deployment of forces. The first consideration is that the function of the majority of the forces in the Canal Zone has never been its passive defence. They have been allotted the tasks of mobile reserve and of counter-offensive. The second is the high former value of Egypt for maintenance of equipment, which served us so well in two world wars. Whether or not this has been gravely reduced, its replacement in the Levant is difficult. What is left, and how do we make the most of it? Do we intend to remain in strength in the Levant? If so, do our strategists feel that they can "make a go" of present resources?

What is left is chiefly Cyprus, Malta, and Libya, but at the same time we ought not to dream of writing off the Suez Canal Zone altogether. I have spoken of

literature there during the last three weeks.

The new problem is mainly one of communications. Since the war a big advance has taken place in military transport by air. Trooping has recently been carried out on a considerable scale by this means. Aircraft have a long way to go before they can handle the heavy equipment and stores needed by their own service as well as by armies and navies, but their powers have increased. Instead of a central base (Egypt), with offshoots like the satellites of a planet, we have for the present to rely on small stars. They are almost valueless unless they are closely co-ordinated. What we must now aim at is the linking of widely dispersed forces in such a way as to produce an elastic and highly mobile unity, so as to be able to transfer strength from one station to another as needs demand. I do not consider this an unattainable ideal, but its attainment will in great part depend on the strength and efficiency of our air transport. Doing this, we nevertheless bear in mind the hope of once more having available in war the Suez Canal base.

Foreign policy is second only to military in importance in the defence of the eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East. We must strive to maintain friendly relations with Egypt as the best assurance that the agreement, when signed, will be faithfully observed and in order that naval facilities shall be maintained. We should continue to seek a working settlement between Israel and its Arab neighbours, especially Jordan, though without giving up the task of maintaining and training its Arab Legion. We should endeavour to obtain a better understanding with Cyprus, and Greece over Cyprus—and here is another aspect of policy which is almost sure to require revision. We must go on struggling with the status of Trieste, a subject on which I found Greek official opinion optimistic in July. It is to be expected that other developments in the international field will call for further replanning and readjustment,



CRUISING TOGETHER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN FOR THE PURPOSE OF A JOINT PHOTOGRAPH: HEAVY UNITS OF THE U.S. SIXTH FLEET, AN AUGMENTED FAST CARRIER TASK FORCE, WHICH NEVER ACTUALLY OPERATES IN A SINGLE COMBINED FORMATION.

"The United States looks on the Mediterranean as a long finger on the hand of the Atlantic rather than as a separate theatre. On the basis of that conception she has stationed her 'flat tops' in Mediterranean waters, presumably with the intention of maintaining them there in the event of war," writes Captain Falls. Our photograph of heavy units of the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean shows, in the foreground, the attack aircraft-carrier *Randolph*. Directly behind and to the left is the heavy

cruiser U.S.S. *Salem*, flagship of the Commander of the Sixth Fleet, Vice-Admiral Thomas S. Combs. Behind *Salem* is the attack aircraft-carrier *Midway*, flagship of Rear-Admiral A. K. Morehouse, Commander Carrier Division Four. In the background are destroyers and ships of the Service Force, Sixth Fleet. As explained on our facing page these units never operate actually in a single combined formation, but were assembled for the purpose of a joint photograph.

interest in the Arab States based on a policy of friendship towards them at least a generation old.

The agreement which was initiated by Mr. Antony Head, Secretary of State for War, and the Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Nasser, is designed to last seven years from the date of its signature. It provides for the withdrawal of British troops from the Suez Canal Zone and the handing over to Egypt of responsibility for the security of the base, the equipment in which is to be maintained by civilians. In the event of attack by an outside Power on any State of the Arab League or on Turkey, the base is to be re-militarised. This is clearly not an ideal arrangement, even on the assumption that the agreement is observed in spirit as well as in letter. It might be a very difficult and dangerous undertaking to send forces, especially land forces, to the base after hostilities had broken out. Even in the conditions of modern warfare it is a great advantage to be accorded a period for settling down, putting the right troops into the right places, and making them familiar with their duties. However, as I have said, we must now look forward, not back, and make the best of the business.

In the debate in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister stated that the knowledge he had recently acquired about the hydrogen bomb had convinced him that the base had ceased to be as valuable as formerly. He used the word "obsolescence" with regard to it. Later in the debate, Mr. Eden is thus reported in *The Times*: "The Government were not proposing to create a new base in Cyprus. The main base, to be reactivated in war, would remain in Egypt." These two appreciations do not square. Despite the hydrogen bomb, I consider that of Mr. Eden to be the sounder, but it represents, if what I have already

the risks of returning to it and the difficulties of maintaining it; but if we ruled out all risky and difficult projects to-day we should be reduced to inaction. It must also be borne in mind that in the event of war we should be able to make use of Levantine bases allotted to the use of NATO. There can be no question of going. Where strength is concerned, it has long been apparent that we desired to cut down that of our land forces, which had become excessive and the cause of a lack of balance in the Army. For some time we have had no strategic reserve in our own islands, and we need one. For reasons other than strategic, reasons which include the influence on recruiting, it is desirable to keep a larger proportion of the Army at home. We have been awaiting only an Egyptian settlement to do so.

Cyprus is useful. It lacks the size and the maintenance facilities of Egypt; its approaches are more dangerous; and it has no good ports. On the other hand, it is healthy, defensible, and fairly well suited to the use of air power. It does not require a very large garrison for defence, but it would hold extra troops to be held in readiness for expeditions. Libya is a pretty good station, though very hot at the height of summer. It can provide air bases. Its ports are somewhat primitive, but by nature better harbours than those of Cyprus. Malta possesses first-class naval facilities and valuable airfields. It is no longer isolated as in the Second World War, because Sicily, Italy, and the North African coast are in friendly hands. I have dealt previously with the political background of the Cyprus base and will say no more on the subject on this occasion, except that I hope *The Illustrated London News* has not become seditious

but that is the common experience and all in the day's work. If I find it rather difficult to agree that the Egyptian agreement has strengthened our position, as has been claimed, I still consider it may be made strong.

The whole question of the naval use of the Mediterranean is one of surmise and planning on probabilities. The United States looks on the Mediterranean as a long finger on the hand of the Atlantic rather than as a separate theatre. On the basis of that conception she has stationed her "flat tops" in Mediterranean waters, presumably with the intention of maintaining them there in the event of war. They have certainly been of value in the "cold war." We also have committed a proportion of our naval strength to the Mediterranean. In general, seamen's forecasts of what ships could do and where they could live proved better than those of airmen. Where experts disagree the outside observer may well find it hard to make up his mind. With that qualification, my view is that there is need for strong naval forces in the Mediterranean and that their employment is feasible.

We all have to grope our way in this jungle of ideas and tendencies. The most I can hope for what I have written is that it will serve as a stimulus to further discussion. I have tried to be a pathfinder, though I am unable to foretell all the gin-traps that may be hidden on some of the paths indicated. The subject has been a tangled one since long before any one thought of atomic bombs or invented big bombs of any kind. Few wars resemble their predecessors, but strategic points and regions are apt to retain their significance to a degree surprising to the layman. This has been true of the Middle East in the past and may well be in the future.





THE CRUISERS *ROANOKE*, *SALEM* AND *BALTIMORE* LED BY A DESTROYER (L. TO R. IN CENTRAL LONG LINE). THE THIRD SHIP BEHIND *BALTIMORE* IS THE ESCORT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *MINDORO*. TO THE LEFT OF THE CRUISERS IS THE ATTACK AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *MIDWAY*; AND AT THE FAR RIGHT IS THE ATTACK AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *RANDOLPH*.



THE NEAREST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IN THE CENTRE OF THE FORMATION IS *RANDOLPH* WITH, DIRECTLY ABOVE HER, THE HEAVY CRUISER *SALEM*. BEYOND *SALEM* IS THE ATTACK AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *MIDWAY*, AND JUST AHEAD (LEFT) OF *SALEM* IS *ROANOKE*. AHEAD OF THE CRUISERS AND CARRIERS ARE SHIPS OF THE DESTROYER SCREEN; IN THE FOREGROUND TRANSPORTS OF DIVISION 25; IN THE BACKGROUND AUXILIARY VESSELS OF THE SERVICE FORCE, SIXTH FLEET.

**A UNIQUE OCCASION: THE U.S. SIXTH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—USUALLY SCATTERED, FROM GIBRALTAR TO TURKEY, AND FROM NORTH AFRICA TO THE RIVIERA SHORES, BUT UNITED IN FORMATION FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.**

The U.S. Sixth Fleet, an augmented fast carrier task force which has been assigned to the Mediterranean Sea area since the end of World War II, never actually operates in a single combined formation. Groups and units are generally widely scattered. Owing to a combination of circumstances, assembly of the various units could be accomplished recently with virtually no dislocation; and thus the Sixth Fleet Commander, Vice-Admiral Thomas S. Combs, decided to attempt for the first time aerial photographs of the entire

fleet in formation. The pictures, reproduced on this and the facing page, were taken from two fighter aircraft from the carrier *Midway* and three helicopters, from *Midway* and *Randolph*, and *Salem*. *Salem* is the flagship of the Fleet Commander, Vice-Admiral Thomas S. Combs; *Midway* that of Rear-Admiral A. K. Morehouse, Commander, Carrier Division Four; *Roanoke* of Rear-Admiral E. E. Yeomans, Commander, Cruiser Division Four; *Mindoro* of Rear-Admiral Frank O'Beirne, Commander, Carrier Division Eighteen.



## THE THREAT TO PORTUGUESE TERRITORY IN INDIA A STORM-CENTRE AND THE SUBJECT OF



(LEFT.) STANDING IN WHAT WAS ONCE A CITY SQUARE, BUT NOW SURROUNDED BY JUNGLE: A WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY IN OLD GOA, PORTUGUESE INDIA.

SOON after India became independent, Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, declared that all foreign settlements in his country were an "anachronism." Since then the Indian Government has been pressing its claims to the Portuguese and French possessions in India by methods which have aroused strong opposition. Although the French were prepared to let their

(Continued below.)  
(RIGHT.) CONTAINING THE NATURAL MUMMY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, "THE APOSTLE OF THE EAST": THE JESUIT CHURCH OF BOM JESUS, IN OLD GOA.



(ABOVE.) A VIEW OF OLD GOA, SHOWING THE CHURCH OF ST. CAETANO'S CONVENT SURROUNDED BY COCONUT GROVES.



ONCE USED FOR THE CEREMONIAL ENTRY OF INDIAN VICEROYS: THE ARCH OF THE VICEROYS, IN OLD GOA, SHOWING A STATUE OF ST. CATHERINE (TOP) AND OF VASCO DA GAMA.



STANDING IN A SQUARE IN PANGIM, NEW GOA: THE STATUE OF THE GOANESE MASTER-HYPNOTIST, JOSÉ CUSTODIO FARIA (OR ABADÉ FARIA).

(Continued.) subjects in Pondichéry decide their own future by a plebiscite under United Nations supervision, the Portuguese have made it clear from the beginning of the dispute that they have no intention of abandoning their possession, Goa. During the past few weeks so-called "Liberation Volunteers" and other agitators have entered Portuguese territory from India and, although the administration has taken firm measures to keep such agitation in check, tension mounted. On Aug. 6 Britain addressed a Note to India expressing the "earnest hope that there will be no resort to violence or to methods bound to lead to the use of force." Similar pleas were made by Belgium, Italy,

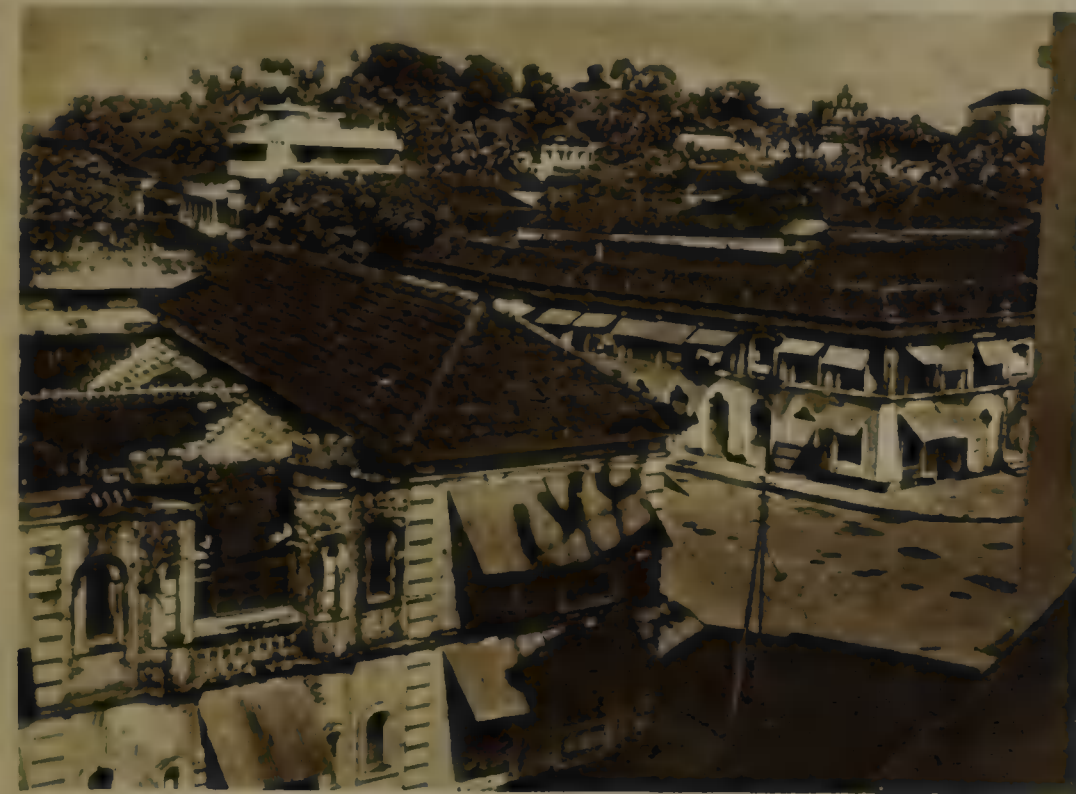
(Continued above, right.)



WEARING GANDHI CAPS, SYMBOLIC OF GANDHI'S CULT OF NON-VIOLENCE: INDIAN "LIBERATION VOLUNTEERS" WALKING ACROSS THE BORDER INTO NAGAR-AVELI, IN PORTUGUESE INDIA.



# VIEWS OF GOA, PORTUGAL'S ASIAN COLONY, NOW REPRESENTATIONS TO INDIA BY NINE STATES.



(LEFT.) ■ PART OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF PANGIM, THE MODERN CAPITAL OF GOA. THE TALL WHITE BUILDING IS THE INDIAN CONSULATE-GENERAL.

*Continued.*  
Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Luxembourg, the United States and the Holy See, when it was learned that "Liberation Volunteers" were planning to enter Goa to demand union with India. On August 9, however, Portugal proposed that observers should be admitted to Portuguese territories in India and contiguous Indian territory with a view to establishing the

*[Continued below.]*  
(RIGHT.) RISING ■ THE OVERGROWN SITE OF THE CITY OF OLD GOA, ONCE THE CAPITAL ■ PORTUGUESE INDIA: A TALL BUILDING IN RUINS.



BUILT OF THE STONE OF THE DECAYED CHRISTIAN CITY OF OLD GOA: THE HINDU TEMPLE OF MADU. THE GOANESE HAVE DEVELOPED A DISTINCTIVE CULTURE, WHICH INDIA HAS PROMISED TO PRESERVE.



(ABOVE.) THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI IN OLD GOA. NEARLY HALF THE POPULATION OF GOA IS ROMAN CATHOLIC.

*Continued.*  
facts of the situation there and avoiding the possibility of bloodshed. With India's reply on August 10 accepting these proposals, tension in the territories declined. Later Mr. Nehru was reported as saying that the Indian Army would not take possession of Goa, and at the same time he urged Goans to abandon methods of violence. Portuguese India consists of Goa, with its new capital, Pangim, together with the islands of Anjediva, Sao Jorge and Morcegos, on the Malabar coast; Damao, with the territories of Dadra and Nagar-Aveli, on the Gulf of Cambaia; and Diu, on the coast of Gujarat. The total area of the province is 1537 sq. miles, with a total population of 624,177.



A VIEW OF THE FINE NATURAL DEEP-SEA PORT OF MARMAGAO, ON THE SOUTHERN PART OF GOA'S SIXTY-TWO MILES OF COAST.



SEATED IN A CLOISTER WINDOW, MADE ENTIRELY OF TRANSPARENT OYSTER SHELLS, OF THE CHURCH OF ST. CAETANO'S CONVENT: A GOANESE WOMAN.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### A FEW MAJORCAN PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

OF all the pleasant places that I ever ransacked in search of plants, Majorca was one of the pleasantest—and cheapest. On the

wild, although I was taken by an English botanist residing in the island to the place where it was known to grow. As I have told in a former article, I was given a fine pot-grown specimen of the pæony by a barmaid—the barmaid in charge of the bar at a

delightful little mountain monastery at which my wife and I stayed. It is a beautiful thing, growing to a height of 18 ins., its polished



other hand, although I collected many interesting and attractive plants, there were singularly few which proved of real permanent garden value. I went there twice, first in 1926 with my wife, and again the following year with friends. Since those days the island has, I believe, become a lot more sophisticated and tourist-minded. Among the places we stayed at in 1926 was Alcudia Bay. There, at a tiny, simple, spotless hotel we lived extremely well for 3s. 6d. a day. The food was delicious, especially the sea food, the vegetables and the omelettes. Table wine was included in the all-in 3s. 6d., and asparagus was gloriously abundant. The following year at this same hotel, the charge had soared to 3s. 9d. a day! But no matter how much things may have altered since 1926, I would dearly love to return to Majorca, if only to replenish my stock of the local, rough, native-made Majorcan knives. I brought home several dozen of them, of varying shapes and sizes, but am now reduced to two specimens only. One has a tapered, dagger-shaped blade, and the other a curved blade of rather dramatic murderous mien, ideal for pruning, and handy, doubtless, for the upward rip in a tight corner.

The charm of these knives—to me—is that they are of the sort of soft steel that takes a razor edge in response to a minimum of skill and effort.

One of the least important plants that I brought home from Majorca, and to me one of the pleasantest, was *Senecio rodriguizii*. It is, I believe, endemic to the island. In size, habit and shape of leaf it is like a smallish refined groundsel, purple on the undersides of its leaves, and with heads of charming little pinkish flowers like a miniature cineraria. It is little more than an annual, or, perhaps, a biennial. I nursed home a single small specimen, growing in a rather large pot of soil, and for exactly twenty years this dainty little thing lived in the Alpine houses at my Stevenage nursery, seeding about and coming up here and there in pans and pots of Alpine plants, and in the ash beds on the staging. We never cultivated or grew the plant. It just grew itself, sowing itself about discreetly, always as good as gold, never a nuisance, seldom coming up in places from which it had to be weeded. As far as I was concerned, *Senecio rodriguizii* never "got into commerce." Occasionally, friends or visitors to the nursery would take a fancy to it, and be given a seedling or two, or a pinch of seed, but it was never catalogued or sold. In 1946, exactly twenty years after *Senecio rodriguizii* came to my nursery, I retired and migrated to the Cotswolds, and at the same time the *Senecio* vanished completely from its adopted Alpine-house haunts. Not a solitary specimen could I find to take with me, and since then not a solitary seedling has made its appearance, although a sharp look-out has been kept ever since I left. Most odd. And the tiresome thing is that, although I must have passed the little plant on to dozens of interested plantsmen, I have only been able to remember by name one individual to whom I gave it, and he, when I wrote and asked him if he still had it, and could spare me a seed or a seedling, denied having ever heard of such a plant.

Another charming Majorcan plant which I brought home was *Cyclamen balearicum*. It is, I believe, endemic to the Balearic Islands; a dainty little thing, with fragrant white flowers, but not, I fancy, too hardy.

The most all-round satisfactory and garden-worthy plant that I got in Majorca was the rare *Pæonia cambessedesii*, and this I did not find growing



"THE MOST ALL-ROUND SATISFACTORY AND GARDEN-WORTHY PLANT THAT I GOT IN MAJORCA": THE RARE *Pæonia cambessedesii*. MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBED IN A FORMER ARTICLE HOW HE WAS GIVEN A FINE POT-GROWN SPECIMEN OF THIS PÆONY BY A BARMAID IN CHARGE OF A BAR IN A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MOUNTAIN MONASTERY IN WHICH MR. ELLIOTT AND HIS WIFE WERE STAYING.

Photograph by Reginald A. Malby.



ANOTHER PLANT COLLECTED BY MR. ELLIOTT IN MAJORCA: THE DWARF PERENNIAL FOXGLOVE *Digitalis dubia*. MR. ELLIOTT SAYS THAT AT LEAST THIS IS THE NAME WHICH HE GOT FOR HIS SPECIMEN AT KEW, ALTHOUGH THE DESCRIPTION GIVEN FOR *D. dubia* IN THE "R.H.S. DICTIONARY OF GARDENING" IS FAR FROM FITTING HIS PLANT.

Photograph by Donald F. Merrett.

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leaves deep reddish purple on the underside, and its pink flowers 3 to 4 ins. across—the first to appear here in April. The "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening" says of it: "Rather tender. Best against a wall or among shrubs." At Stevenage, and here in the Cotswolds—both decidedly cold places—it has proved perfectly hardy. Planted in a mixed flower border facing west, it flowers regularly and sets seeds most years. Perhaps the fact that it is growing in stiff, almost clayey soil full of broken limestone rock has taught it a salutary no-nonsense lesson, and discouraged any tendency to play up on the tender little invalid racket.

It is interesting how often rough cave-man treatment discourages, or even cures, hypochondriac tendencies in certain plants—and people. For one thing, I have been immensely grateful to *Pæonia cambessedesii*. It served as an introduction to the pæony king of America, the late Professor Saunders, of Clinton University, which led to a great friendship. He somehow heard that I had the plant, and wrote and asked if I could spare him a few seeds. I was able to chop off a chunk from the barmaid's gift and send it out to him.

Another plant which I collected in Majorca was the dwarf perennial foxglove, *Digitalis dubia*. At least that was the name which I got for it at Kew, and by which I have always known it. But the description given for *D. dubia* in the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening" is far from fitting my plant. My Majorcan species is superficially like a miniature edition of our own native foxglove *Digitalis purpurea*, with narrower, more felty leaves, and growing to a height of little more than 18 ins., with very pretty pink bells, an inch-and-a-half long, white, and freckled with crimson spots in the throat. Above all, it is definitely perennial, though, perhaps, not a very long-lived perennial. The "R.H.S. Dictionary" gives the height of *D. dubia* as 6-9 ins., the leaves glabrous above, downy beneath—the leaves of my plant are downy on both sides. There are other features in which the Dictionary description does not fit. However, I am not fretting too greatly over this problem. Kew may possibly have been wrong in saying that the plant was *D. dubia*. On the other hand, the Dictionary may very likely be wrong. Only last week I caught the Dictionary out. I had reason to look up that handsome, old, everlasting pea *Lathyrus grandiflorus*. I was astonished to read "Annual Climber." If ever a pea was a perennial, the plant that I had always known and grown as *L. grandiflorus* is a perennial. In fact, the specimen in my garden is almost too heartily perennial and spreading. However, I have taken council in this matter, and find that that "annual" status is just an unfortunate slip-up in the editing of the Dictionary.

I found the miniature Majorcan foxglove growing best as a crevice plant in a cliff, with a few specimens in scree below. Some of the crevice specimens were evidently four or five years old, with a forest of stem-stumps of former years' flowering still bristling from among the mass of leaves.

Unfortunately, the plant is not always quite reliably hardy in this country. It is best and safest to give it something approaching the cliff conditions that it seemed to enjoy at home, a crevice in the wall garden, a deep crack in some big rock in the rock garden, or a cunningly contrived crevice between big rocks. It should be happy, too, in the austere conditions of the scree garden. In very cold, bleak parts of the country the best place would be a pan or a pot of light soil in the Alpine house.



# ROUNDING-UP MAU MAU SUSPECTS IN NAIROBI: THE LAUNCHING OF "OPERATION BROOM."



GUARDED BY THREE KIKUYU HOME GUARDS AND MEN OF THE INNISKILLING FUSILIERS: KIKUYU FOUND WITHOUT PASSBOOKS AND ARRESTED IN NAIROBI.



THE BEGINNING OF "OPERATION BROOM": A SCENE IN NAIROBI ON AUGUST 9, WHEN ALL KIKUYU SUSPECTS, AND THOSE WITHOUT PASSBOOKS, WERE ROUNDED-UP.



LINING THE STREETS OF NAIROBI DURING A SYSTEMATIC CORDONING OF THE CITY: MEN OF THE BUFFS TAKING PART IN "OPERATION BROOM."



ASSISTING THE AUTHORITIES: THE DREADED "HOODED MEN," TOP-RANKING MAU MAU WHO HAVE SURRENDERED AND ARE NOW HELPING TO SCREEN SUSPECTS.



CHARGING SUSPECTS ON THE SPOT: MR. EMLEY, THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER OF NAIROBI, AT LANGATA CAMP, DEALING WITH KIKUYU WITHOUT PASSBOOKS.

At dawn on August 9, "Operation Broom," designed to remove the last unwelcome elements of Kikuyu, was launched in Nairobi. During the previous few weeks Kikuyu tribesmen considered suitable for employment, and to be allowed to live in Nairobi, were issued with special passbooks. At the beginning of the new round-up, British troops systematically cordoned off the streets and checked all the Africans. Suspects and all those without passes were taken to

Langata Transit Camp for screening and charging. By the evening of August 10 the number of Africans detained in Nairobi was nearly 500. The search revealed that the Mau Mau had begun to use as couriers persons not likely to be suspected, among them a large number of young boys and old men. A system of hooded informers is being used extensively to assist the authorities when making arrests and in the subsequent questioning.





SITE OF A WARTIME HOSPITAL AND NOW A PLACE OF INTEREST TO VISITORS TO GIBRALTAR: ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE.  
A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO A STATUE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

High up in the rugged grey limestone cliffs which tower over the harbour and Naval Dockyards of Gibraltar is St. Michael's Cave, one of the numerous stalactite caverns in the heart of the rock, anciently used either as dwellings or as graves. It is reached by a precipitous road which climbs up to the highest point in Gibraltar, 1396 ft. This cave, used as a vast ammunition store and refuge during the sieges, was the site of an

Army hospital during World War II. In this strange setting of stalactites and stalagmites a hospital was built, complete with an operating-theatre and medical dispensary. The operating-theatre can be seen in this drawing of the cave by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau. It stands at the bottom of the flights of steep steps (right) which lead down from the outside world to the depths of the cavern. On the left of the steps

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"





WITH ITS STRANGE AND WONDERFUL STALACTITES AND STALAGMITES, ONE OF WHICH (CENTRE FOREGROUND) BEARS THE CAVE IS JUST BELOW THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE ROCK.

re long shelves of rocks on which the patients' beds were placed. The cave is also connected with the outside world by a little railway which was used, among other things, for conveying stretcher cases. On one of the many rocky paths which transverse the cave there is a huge, glimmering white stalagmite which bears a really striking resemblance to a figure of the Virgin with the Child in her arms. This

ILLUSTRATION BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

"statue," which gleams in the lights of the electric lanterns, was greatly admired by all those who worked in the hospital. During the Royal visit to Gibraltar, in May, her Majesty the Queen was taken to see St. Michael's Cave. While our artist was returning from the cave, after making his sketches there, he had an encounter with the famous Barbary apes, one of which detached a windscreen wiper from his car.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE NEST IN THE TOP OF AN  
ENORMOUS JUNGLE TREE: MALAYA'S HANDSOME  
WHITEBELLIED SEA-EAGLE.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE 130 FT.-HIGH TOWER: THE HUGE NEST OF A WHITEBELLIED SEA-EAGLE, ABOUT 10 FT. WIDE AND CONSISTING OF A MASS OF STICKS. IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THE PROPORTIONS OF THE BIRD AND THE NEST.



NEVER BEFORE SUCCESSFULLY PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE NEST: A WHITEBELLIED SEA-EAGLE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AS IT WAS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF. THE LEFT LEG IS RAISED READY FOR FLIGHT.



ABOUT TO ALIGHT ON THE NEST: THE HANDSOME SEA-EAGLE TAKEN IN FLIGHT WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS AND A SHUTTER SPEED OF ONE THOUSANDTH OF A SECOND.

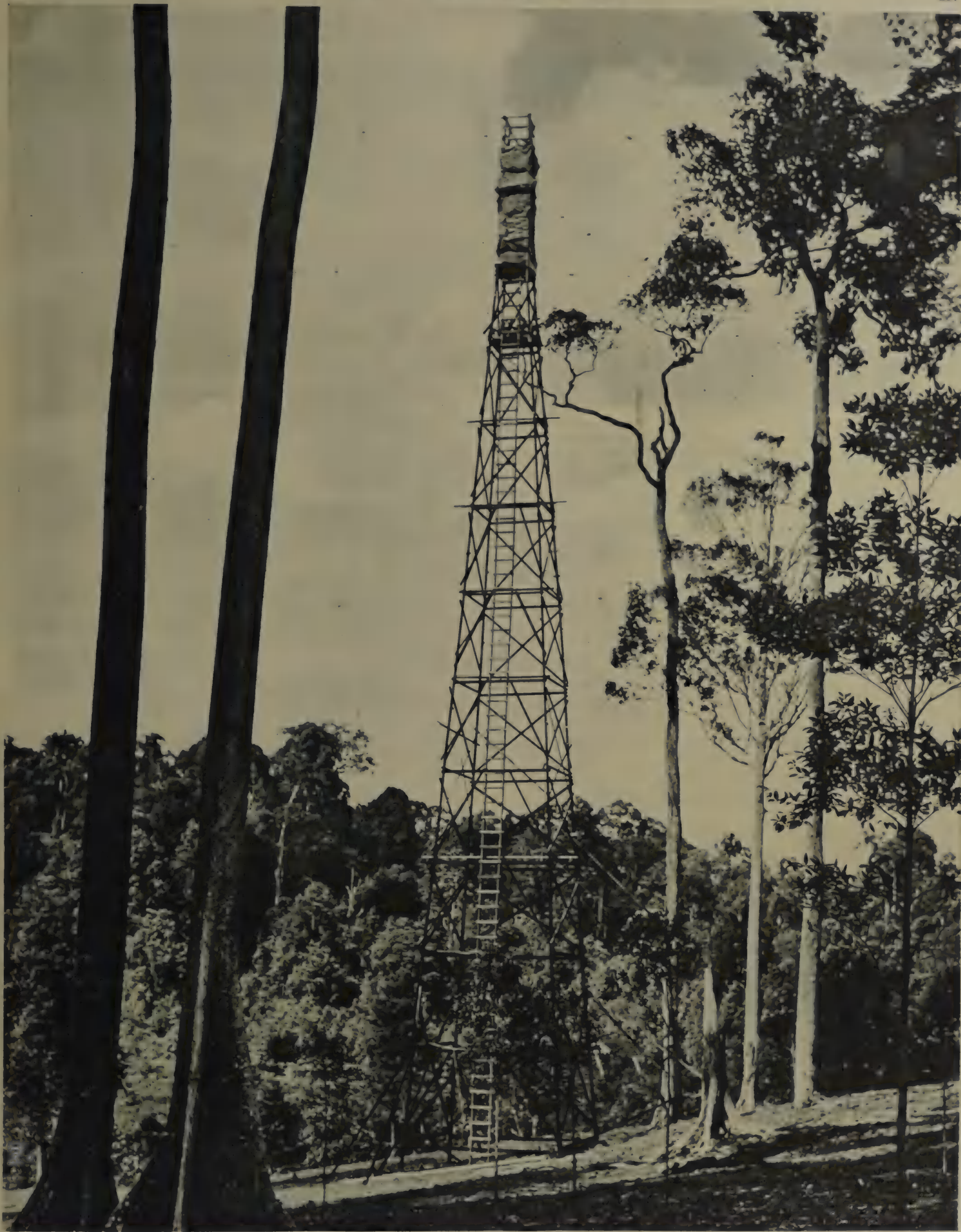
Although the Whitebellied Sea-eagle is one of the most handsome of the birds of prey to be found in Malaya, so far as is known, it had never been successfully photographed at the nest until the occasion when Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, took the photographs which are reproduced on this page. The wooden 130 ft.-high tower, erected in the grounds of "Bukit Serene" at a time when it was the official residence of his Excellency the Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, and used to obtain the photographs of the Sea-eagles, is shown on the opposite page. Observations and photographic activity in the "hide" extended over a period of about six weeks from the end of February, 1949. Mr. MacDonald ascended the perilous-looking tower daily, and sometimes twice a



SHOWING ITS POWERFUL BEAK AND CLAWS: A WHITEBELLIED SEA-EAGLE, WHICH HAS A WING-SPAN OF ABOUT 7-8 FT., SEEN ON THE NEST.

day, watching and keeping careful notes. Mr. Loke spent every week-end, as well as such hours as he could seize during the week, on the top of the "hide." Both birds incubated the single egg, but one did the major part of the work. The male bird rarely came to the nest, but flew round in the sky above and signalled any suspicious movement under the nest-tree to his sitting mate. The birds invariably approached the nest from one direction only. Unhappily, the single egg was never hatched—it was probably addled—and the birds got tired of sitting on it and one day, having apparently kicked it out of the nest, flew away, never to return. Mr. Loke admits that by this time he (and probably Mr. MacDonald too) was relieved to have reached the end of the pole-sitting sessions.





BUILT IN MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD'S GARDEN AT "BUKIT SERENE," JOHORE, IN ORDER TO PHOTOGRAPH THE WHITEBELLED SEA-EAGLE : A WOODEN TOWER, 130 FT. HIGH, WHICH WAS HELD UPRIGHT BY A NUMBER OF WIRE CABLES.

The magnificent Whitebellied Sea-eagle (*Haliaeetus leucogaster*) has been described as the "tutelary bird of Singapore," but as it nests only in the largest trees it is not surprising that until recently no good photographs had ever been taken of the bird. Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, whose skilful bird photography is already known to our readers from his photographs of the pheasant-tailed jacana and the yellow-breasted sunbird which appeared in our issues of July 31 and August 14 respectively, was the man who took the first photographs of these eagles, some of which we reproduce on the facing page. In an article published in the "Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society," April, 1952, Mr. Loke described how Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia,

telephoned to him at the end of 1948 to say that he had found a nest of the Whitebellied Sea-eagle in his garden at "Bukit Serene," in Johore. The nest was at the very top of an enormous jungle-tree (*Dipterocarpus grandiflorus*) but, undaunted, Mr. Loke and Mr. MacDonald arranged to have a tower 100 ft. high built for the purpose of photographing the birds. The assembling of the tower began on the site on February 8, 1949, the workmen being allowed to work for only two hours a day for fear of disturbing the birds. It was completed on February 20 but found to be too short, a superstructure was then nailed on to the top and the tower was finished on February 27 when, as Mr. Loke writes, "I climbed up even though my heart was in my mouth and lead was in my boots."



# ARCHÆOLOGY BY AQUALUNG DIVING: A ROMAN SHIP'S ANCHOR RECOVERED.



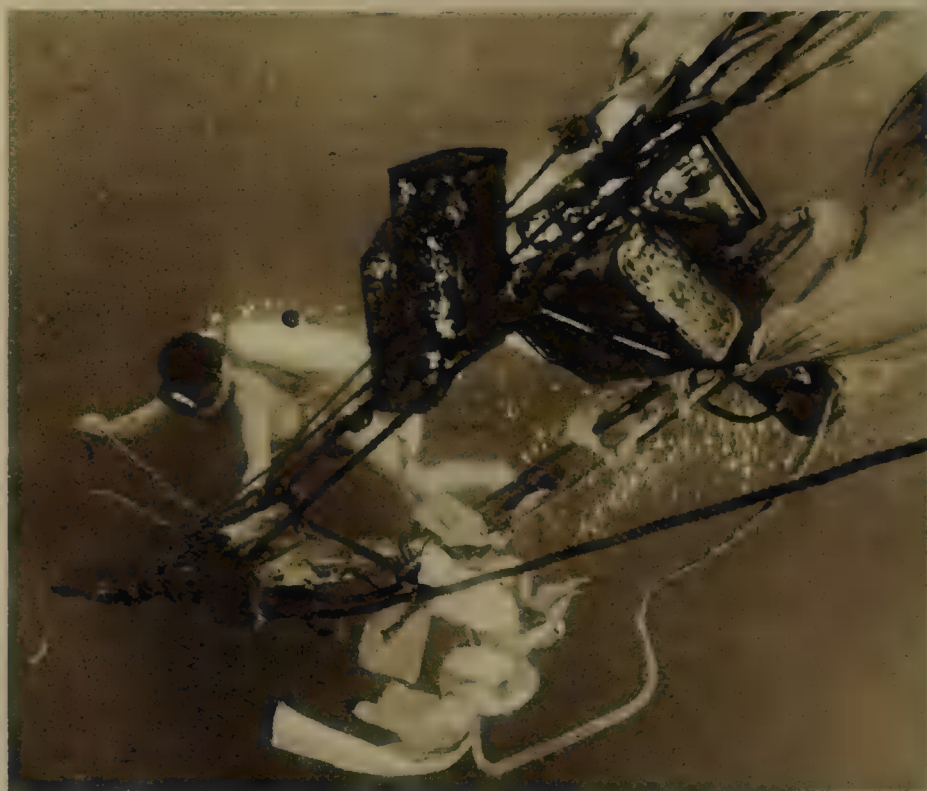
INDICATED BY THE POINT OF THE "TORPEDO-FLASH" CAMERA HELD BY A DIVER; THE ANCHOR OF THE WRECKED ROMAN SHIP OFF ANTHÉOR, LYING ON THE SEA-BED.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE STOCK OF THE ROMAN ANCHOR BEFORE IT HAD BEEN RAISED FROM THE SEA-BED, WITH THE WOODEN SHANK ALSO VISIBLE.



SECURING A LAST KNOT WHILE THE ANCHOR STOCK REMAINS SUSPENDED ABOUT 6 METRES (19 FT. 8½ INS.) BELOW THE BOAT BEFORE BEING TOWED INTO HARBOUR: M. CHARVOZ.



HOW THE ANCHOR STOCK WAS RAISED: M. LA FOURCADE SECURING A KNOT. COTTON FLOATS AND JERRY-CANS FILLED WITH AIR WERE USED TO BUOY IT UP.



LYING HALF-BURIED IN MUD AND SILT AND SURROUNDED BY MARINE GROWTHS AND AMPHORÆ FROM THE WRECK: THE HEAVY LEAD STOCK OF THE ANCHOR, WHICH WEIGHS 350 KILOS. (6 CWT. 3 QRS. 16 LB.).



THE DISCOVERER OF THE ANCHOR WITH HIS FIND, RAISED WITH THE HELP OF MM. CHARVOZ AND LA FOURCADE; M. G. BARNIER.

These dramatic photographs illustrate an interesting archæological find made by means of aqualung diving—the discovery and raising of the anchor of the wrecked Roman vessel in French territorial waters off Anthéor, which was discovered in 1946 by M. Henri Broussard, Chairman of the Cannes "Club Alpin Sous-Marin." The Balise (Safety Beacon) de la Chrétienne now marks the rock which presumably sank the ship—now lying buried deep in the mud. Commander Cousteau, with his naval ship, reached the wood of the decks, using a large suction pump, but at present

submarine excavation presents considerable difficulty. The Chairman of the Cannes "Club Alpin Sous-Marin," and in this case Monsieur Georges Barnier, an instructor of the Club, have personal authorisation from the Musées de France to excavate the ship. Any authorised person working on the wreck must report to the Regional Conservateur des Musées de France; and any objects which are brought to the surface are held in trust for the Museums by the finder. [Top left photograph by Broussard; other photographs on this page by Barnier and Barnier-Rebikoff.]



## PETTING THE PLAYFUL OCTOPUS: A STRANGE UNDERWATER ENCOUNTER.



RESEMBLING WATCHDOGS LOOKING OUT FROM THEIR KENNELS: OCTOPUSES WHO HAVE MADE THEIR HOME IN SOME OF THE MANY AMPHORAE OF THE WRECKED ROMAN SHIP NEAR ANTHÉOR



AN UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHIC SESSION; MME. REBIKOFF CARESSING AN OCTOPUS WHILE HER HUSBAND TAKES ITS PHOTOGRAPH WITH HIS "TORPEDO-FLASH" CAMERA



HOW THE OCTOPUS RESPONDS TO BEING CARESSED AND TICKLED: ONE, AFTER BEING COAXED OUT OF ITS AMPHORA HOME, DOING A "DANCE."



DIFFERENT REACTIONS BY TWO OCTOPUSES DURING AN ENCOUNTER WITH DIVERS: ONE "DANCES"—IN FOREGROUND—THE OTHER TAKES EVASIVE ACTION AND DASHES OFF.



AN OCTOPUS TAKING A RIDE ON THE HEAD OF A DIVER. THE BUBBLES IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE AIR WHICH THE DIVER IS BREATHING OUT.



A HIGHLY UNUSUAL PLAYTHING: MME. REBIKOFF CRADLING AN OCTOPUS IN HER ARMS. THE CREATURE, APPARENTLY WITHOUT FEAR, SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING THE EXPERIENCE.

Our astonishing photographs of undersea divers wearing aqualung Cousteau-Gagnan apparatus illustrate a discovery made during underwater explorations—the friendly character of the octopus. Commander J. Y. Cousteau took photographs of Frédéric Dumas playing in the sea with one—our illustrations continue the story. They were taken in the vicinity of the wreck of the Roman vessel discovered in 1946 by M. Henri Broussard, Chairman of the Cannes "Club Alpin Sous-Marin," one of the few clubs which can give effective civilian training in aqualung diving. The ship, its position marked by the Balise (Safety Beacon) de la Chrétienne, near Anthéor, is believed to have carried a cargo of 8000 amphorae; some sealed and

presumably once containing wine, water, oil or grain, and others empty. Octopuses have made their homes in the empty amphorae, which lie in a "field" near the wreck. They form a good substitute for rock crevices. Divers who wish to "meet" an octopus must first lure him from his refuge and then induce him to "play" and "dance" in the water. These creatures appear to enjoy being caressed and tickled, and will rest in the arms of a diver for petting, or "dancing," waving their tentacles and allowing the photographer to take a picture of the performance. M. Rebiokoff invented the "torpedo-flash" camera which he is shown using. [Photographs by G. Barnier and Barnier-Rebiokoff]





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. OLD RICHMOND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

was too busy with his own work at Windsor to bother about the Drawing Office: it was an easy-going age. The younger brother, Paul (1725-1809), also worked in the same office, though he was never on the establishment, but after the '45 we find him busily engaged in military survey work in Scotland.

It occurs to me at this point that the discipline of making maps—which I imagine can be severe—could be a useful introduction to a career as a topographical draughtsman, though, of course, much more than mere accuracy is required if you intend to progress further. Whether there really is anything of consequence in this idea I must leave to others to decide; what is

as a friend and agreeable travelling companion and also as a kind of human camera—in which they were following many princely or near-princely precedents, as when, more than a century before, the Earl of Arundel took Inigo Jones with him on his visit to Rome, and the Czech, Wenceslas Hollar in his ambassadorial train to Vienna. But I wander from Paul Sandby, who has this in common with the majority of his contemporaries and followers: he was no less ferociously industrious, and, like them, wandered far and wide. He seems to have been a less amiable character than Grimm, or perhaps he was merely a more persistent fighter for what he conceived to be his rights, and indulged in a lengthy and complicated

squabble with Sir Benjamin West, Sir Joshua's successor as President of the Royal Academy, whom he accused of spoiling his chances of advancement with George III.—a squabble which probably had no substance in fact, but flared up, as such squabbles often do, because the two men were temperamentally incompatible—but that, of course, was late in the century. When he came back from his military survey job in Scotland he tried his hand at caricature, making fun of Hogarth, whose onslaught against foreign influence in art ("The Analysis of Beauty") had been published in 1753. It must be confessed that Hogarth's book was uncommonly silly, and young Sandby in his anti-Hogarthian caricatures was even sillier. Nor do I think can we award him very high marks for some caricatures in the 1760's, paid for presumably by the many who hated the sight of Lord Bute. In one of them the Duke of Cumberland is asked to repeat the victory of Culloden and to drive the Scots back north of the Border. But such aberrations amid his huge output are of no consequence;

it requires very special qualities, not necessarily artistic, to be a first-class caricaturist, and Paul Sandby did not have them. His gifts were more gentle, whether he was staying with his brother at Windsor, or wandering in Wales or the North. He is by no means invariably matter-of-fact; in some of his water-colours he achieves in that medium something very close to what Richard Wilson accomplished in oils—a fusion of Italian and



"THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HILL"; BY PAUL SANDBY (1725-1809).

Frank Davis, in the article on this page, discusses Paul Sandby and his brother Thomas, and writes of the subject of this charming gouache, "... the view up the Thames Valley from the Hill was what any eighteenth-century virtuoso would inevitably describe as 'a noble prospect'—and so indeed it was, and still is, in spite of some modern—or rather modernish—buildings of which the least said the better."

certain is that the two brothers set a new standard for the "views" which were so much in demand during the later eighteenth century, when every other country squire wanted his house and park put down on paper. The Sandbys brought atmosphere and colour and a certain *finesse* to the already existing factual tradition of this kind of work, and have long been recognised as the unwitting founders of a wholly delightful school of unpretentious, landscape draughtsmen,

among whom S. H. Grimm, the Swiss artist, William Marlow and Michael Angelo Rooker are probably the most familiar names. (Advice to parents: do not christen your male infant Michael Angelo, for how can the poor child ever live up to so great a name?)

The mention of Grimm (with his delightful Christian names, Samuel Hieronymus) reminds me that he too was charmed by Richmond, for I remember with pleasure a water-colour by him of the river there which came up for sale at Christie's in 1940 in the Arthur Gilbey collection. Moreover, there is a record of his methods and his character by so acute an observer as Gilbert White of Selborne, for whom he did the illustrations for the great naturalist's masterpiece. "Mr. Grimm," says White, "was

with me just twenty-eight days; twenty-four of which he worked very hard and shewed good specimens of his genius, assiduity and modest behaviour, much to my satisfaction."

I like to think of those dozens of Mr. Grimms, all equally industrious if not all so amiable, staying in country houses, great and small, up and down a land as yet very little tortured and ravished by industrialism, and working for their employer, or, rather, for their host, at a fee of 2½ guineas per week plus hospitality, which is the sum mentioned by Gilbert White. Nor were all their patrons concerned solely with the recording of views of their own estates; the more enthusiastic regarded their chosen draughtsman first



"ASGILL HOUSE, 1800," WITH A VIEW OF RICHMOND BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND; BY PAUL SANDBY.

Asgill House, designed by Sir Robert Taylor in 1758 for Sir Charles Asgill, a former Lord Mayor of London, is a remarkably beautiful building on the river bank, just behind what is now the towpath. It contains octagonal reception rooms on the ground floor connected by mirrored panelled doors; and the staircase is exceptionally fine.

to seek their fortunes—that is, when the elder was twenty-one, the younger seventeen. Whether by luck or judgment or charm or ability, or a combination of all four qualities, Thomas managed to get himself appointed to the Drawing Office of the Tower of London. His pay at first was 3s. per day, later increased to 3s. 6d. This was a good start for any young man. What is more, he managed to keep the income for the greater part of his long life (1721-98), even when he

\* Gouache: "Opaque water-colour, generally known as gouache, sometimes ■■■ body-colour, differs from transparent water-colour only in the pigments being mixed with white." (W. G. Constable: "The Painters Workshop.")



"GEORGE III. CALLING AT ANCASTER HOUSE, 1800"; BY PAUL SANDBY. George III. frequently visited his friend Sir Lionel Darell at Ancaster House—just outside the gates of Richmond Park—which he had presented to the baronet. It still stands, ■■■ solid brown brick bow-winged mansion, now an annexe of the Star and Garter Home for Disabled Servicemen. Paul Sandby has depicted the scene on ■■■ windy day, with the Royal landau outside the front door, and a servant handing ■■■ gift of game—a hare and a pheasant—to the maid at the side door.

Illustrations by courtesy of Leggatt Brothers.

English styles. One man thought very highly of him, Gainsborough—and who would not be proud to have such a commendation as this from such a source? Gainsborough, somewhere about 1762, wrote of him as "the only man of genius" to paint "real views from nature in the country"—warm and generous words—(some will say, over generous). Paul Sandby played an active part in the 1750's in the foundation of the Society of Artists and he became an original member of the Royal Academy in 1768. In the same year he was appointed drawing-master at Woolwich.





"BEFORE THE RACE, ENGLAND"; A DRAWING BY CONSTANTIN GUYS (1802-1892), STAFF ARTIST OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR. (Pen and water-colour.)



"THE LANDAU WITH FOUR HORSES"; A CHARACTERISTIC DRAWING BY CONSTANTIN GUYS FROM THE EXHIBITION DEVOTED TO HIS WORK AT FLUSHING. (Pen and water-colour.)



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN"; A DRAWING BY GUYS, WHO WAS, ABOVE ALL THINGS, THE PAINTER OF THE LIFE OF HIS TIME IN ALL ITS ASPECTS. (Pen and wash.)



"TWO WOMEN"; A CHARACTERISTIC GUYS DRAWING OF TWO WELL-DRESSED AND ELEGANT LADIES IN VOLUMINOUS CRINOLINES. (Water-colour.)



"THE ORIENTAL GIRL"; A DRAWING WHICH RECALLS THAT CONSTANTIN GUYS TRAVELLED WIDELY IN TURKEY AND EGYPT. (Pen and water-colour.)



"THE CAFÉ TERRACE"; ONE OF THE MANY BRILLIANT DRAWINGS WHICH CONSTANTIN GUYS MADE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE IN PARIS, WHERE HE LIVED FROM 1855-1860. (Pen, wash and water-colour.)



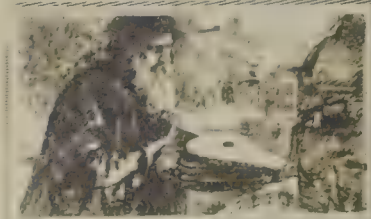
"CONSTANTIN GUYS IN CONVERSATION WITH SISTERS OF CHARITY (ST. BENOIT) AT THE PERA HOSPITAL, CONSTANTINOPLE"; BASIS OF A DRAWING PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1854. (Pen, wash and water-colour.)

### THE CONSTANTIN GUYS EXHIBITION AT FLUSHING: BRILLIANT DRAWINGS BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" STAFF ARTIST DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR; SHOWN IN HIS NATIVE TOWN.

Constantin Guys (1802-1892), brilliant draughtsman and water-colourist who acted as staff artist for *The Illustrated London News* during the Crimean War, just 100 years ago, was born at Flushing; and his memory has been honoured by an exhibition in his native town of 130 examples of his work. It opened in July and closes to-morrow August 22. The *œuvre* of Guys consists entirely of drawings and water-colours, and in the course of his adventurous life (he fought in Greece together with Lord Byron in 1823-24) he travelled in Spain, Turkey, Egypt and Germany, making drawings for *The Illustrated London News*, and he also recorded life in Paris and London during the Victorian period with brilliance and fidelity. He was the subject of three notable articles by Charles Baudelaire in the *Figaro*

in 1863, in which the poet referred to him as "*le peintre de la vie moderne*." The drawings in the Flushing exhibition—the first in the Netherlands to be devoted to him—have been lent by both public galleries and private collectors. The self-portrait of Guys with two Sisters of Charity in the French hospital at Pera, Constantinople, during the Crimean War, was the basis of a drawing published in our issue of September 30, 1854. In this connection it is interesting to recall that the Sisters of Mercy who staffed the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth (now in Grove End Road), when it was founded in 1856, were ten of the Sisters of Charity from Bermondsey who had volunteered, on the suggestion of Cardinal Manning, for the Crimea; and had joined Florence Nightingale's company of nurses.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### PENGUIN PARADOXES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A LADY once remarked, with enthusiastic surprise, on the number of penguins she had seen during a holiday spent on the north coast of Scotland. My knowledge of birds is not always as complete as I could wish it, but here I felt safe in the confident assertion that she may have seen colonies of razor-bills, puffins, guillemots or little auks, but not penguins. They are essentially birds of the Southern Hemisphere. The seventeen known species are distributed from the coasts of Antarctica northwards, taking in New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia and the numerous islands of the Antarctic and Subantarctic. Their most northerly limit seems to be about 10 degs. south latitude, in Angola, and elsewhere, in Natal, São Paulo, in Brazil, Talcahuano, in Chile, and in Australia it is 20 degs. or more south of the Equator. The only penguins occurring north of the Equator, outside zoological gardens, are those that have occasionally been brought north by Norwegian whalers and released in the Lofotens, to give rise to rumours of the extinct great auk having been seen again.

Mention of the great auk brings my friend back into the picture, for it was this flightless bird, with its disproportionately small wings, that was the original pinwing, meaning pinion-wing, whence the name penguin was derived. And the guillemot, little auk, puffin and razorbill are its surviving relatives. Etymologically at least, my friend had right on her side. The French recognise this in their name for the great auk, *grand pinguin*, and for the razorbill, *pinguin torda*; for the penguin as we understand it, they use *manchot*.

This is not the only pitfall associated with the name penguin. A greater pitfall, or, at any rate, a greater ground for argument, lies in the question whether penguins, the only truly swimming birds, as some claim, are descended from flying birds or whether their ancestors never did fly. A similar controversy centres around the other flightless birds of the Southern Hemisphere, the ostriches, emus, cassowaries, rheas and kiwis. Majority opinion is in favour, in both instances, of the present-day survivors being descendants of birds that once flew, but gave up the habit. For penguins the position is approximately as follows. Whereas ostriches, emus, and the rest have a primitive skull structure, and are accordingly classified in one group of admittedly primitive stock, the ratites, the penguins are classified with the rest of the birds, the so-called carinate

known is the bird-reptile *Archæopteryx*, some 150,000,000 years old. Of similar antiquity are the remains of certain bipedal reptiles, which, when reconstructed, look remarkably birdlike, without any suggestion that they had feathers or powers of flight. These things, taken in conjunction with many reptilian characters in modern birds, the most obvious being the scaly legs and the nature of the claws, have crystallised into the hypothesis that birds are descended from reptilian ancestors, and since the earliest known fossil remains of an undoubted bird are of one that more or less for certain was able to fly, it seems the logical conclusion that any flightless birds must be derived from ancestors that had the power of flight and later gave it up.

In science, as in life as a whole, one of the greatest causes of error is to mistake the obvious for the truth. So those who study birds look for supporting evidence. In the ancestry of penguins this is scanty. First there are the fossil remains from New Zealand and adjacent islands. The earliest of these is *Anthropornis*, from the Eocene of Seymour Island, in the South Shetlands. This stood over 6 ft. high. Others of similar build and only slightly smaller dimensions, have been taken from the Oligocene and Eocene of New Zealand; and from the Pliocene and Miocene of the same country have been taken the bones of birds differing little, if at all, from the present-day little blue penguin of New Zealand. Compared with the 150,000,000 years for *Archæopteryx*, the bird-reptile, the oldest penguin remains are a mere 50,000,000 years, and there are some remains 20,000,000 years old apparently little different from birds living to-day. Put briefly, the

the stem had so far diverged from reptiles as to possess true wings, though the metatarsal bones had not lost their distinctness and become fused into the single bone so characteristic of all existing birds. The ancestral penguin must have had functional wings, the muscles of which, through atrophy, have been converted into non-contractile tendinous bands." There is, of course, a good deal of assumption in this. On more solid ground is the comparison showing similarities between the skulls of grebes and divers, on the one hand, and those of penguins, on the other. Grebes and divers, it will be recalled, have much the



CALLED THE ONLY TRULY SWIMMING BIRDS: PENGUINS, WHICH ARE BUILT FOR SWIMMING AS NO OTHER BIRD, AND THUS HAVE NUMEROUS DIFFERENCES IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE BODY FROM THE TYPICAL FORM OF A BIRD. THE WINGS ARE PADDLE-LIKE, THE BONES FLATTENED AND SO JOINED THAT THE WING IS RIGID FROM THE TIP TO THE SHOULDER. THE MUSCLES MOVING THE WING, CONTRARY TO THE CONDITION NORMALLY FOUND IN BIRDS, ARE STRONGEST ON THE BACK. THE SHOULDER-BLADES ARE ENLARGED FOR THEIR ATTACHMENT. [Photographs by Neave Parker.]

same erect position on land and have short legs placed far back, as have penguins. How far such comparisons are valid is a matter of opinion. There is such a thing as convergence. That is, animals of similar habit having structural similarities, yet obviously having no real relationships. A skate could justly be compared with a plaice, yet the one is an elasmobranch and the other a bony fish, the two being more distantly related even than a slow-worm and a snake.

A remarkable example of convergence, appropriate to this discussion, is seen in a kiwi and a snipe. The kiwi, as we have seen, is a ratite, admitted by general opinion a primitive bird, and the snipe is a carinate, an advanced bird. Yet in both there is the same disbalance of the hippocampal region of the brain, so that the brain of a kiwi differs from the brains of its nearest relatives in the same way as the brain of a snipe differs from those of its relatives. The kiwi and the snipe, although unrelated, are remarkably alike in the bill and feeding habits.

The most thorough examination of the anatomy of the penguins was that made by P. R. Lowe, who came to the conclusion that their ancestors never did fly. He based this on technical details of the skeleton which would be difficult to expound here. His view is, however, supported by the unusual plan of the penguin digestive system, the incomplete fusion of the metatarsal bones referred to by Watson, and the method of moulting; penguins moult their plumage in patches. In addition, the body is uniformly covered with scale-like feathers, there being no naked tracts of skin as in other carinates, the wishbone is U-shaped, the tongue is much reduced in size, and the syrinx, as the voice-box of birds is called, is peculiar.

Bearing in mind the case of the kiwi and the snipe, and the many other examples in the animal kingdom of convergence, it may be suggested that only when the sum total of similarities is markedly greater than the differences can they be said to constitute evidence of relationship. In the penguins the similarities with the rest of the carinates are no more than the differences. If anything these are fewer and less convincing. The case for the flightlessness or otherwise of ancestral penguins, to say the least, is non-proven. More important, it seems to me, is the admittedly slight fossil evidence. Having regard to the slow rate of evolution, here gauged by the finding of skeletons 20,000,000 years old that do not differ markedly from those of certain living penguins, the 150,000,000 years from the time of the first known flying bird, *Archæopteryx*, to the 6-ft. giant penguin, seems insufficient for the multitudinous changes needed to produce first a flying bird and, subsequently, this, presumably, swimming giant.



"ALTHOUGH A PENGUIN SWIMS WITH WHAT MAY BE DESCRIBED AS A SWIMMING MOVEMENT, THE BEAT OF THE WING IS UPWARDS AND NOT DOWNWARDS AS IN FLYING": KING PENGUINS FROM SOUTH GEORGIA IN THE LONDON ZOO. THE PENGUIN IS SO DIFFERENT STRUCTURALLY FROM OTHER BIRDS THAT ITS RELATIONSHIPS ARE OBSCURE.

birds, thereby implying that they do possess affinities with the more advanced groups of birds. Even so, Peters, in his "Birds of the World," places them at the beginning of the non-ratite table, suggesting that he did regard them as an ancient group.

In most groups of animals, the study of the family-tree is much helped by available fossils, so that it is possible to work out, with fair confidence, theoretical lines of descent. With birds it is different. Fossil birds are remarkable for their rarity. The earliest

question is: Could the ancestors of penguins have developed all the structures and qualities of flying birds, then have lost them again and acquired the markedly different structure and qualities of the only truly swimming birds, and all this in the course of 100,000,000 years, or 150,000,000, say.

Watson expressed what is probably the majority view, that penguins "are the surviving members of a group that branched off early from the primitive 'avian' stem, but that at the time of their separation



## A WEAPON WHICH AUTOMATICALLY TRACKS TARGETS: THE U.S. ARMY'S NEW A.-A. GUN.



FIRING OVER THE NORTH SEA AT ONE OF THE RADIO-CONTROLLED TARGET AIRCRAFT: THE UNITED STATES ARMY'S NEW 75 MM. *SKYSWEEPER* AUTOMATIC ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN ACTION AT WEYBOURNE, NORFOLK.



BEING PREPARED ON THE LAUNCHING-RAMP FOR ITS ROCKET-ASSISTED TAKE-OFF: ONE OF THE RADIO-CONTROLLED TARGET AIRCRAFT WHICH HAVE A 75 H.P. ENGINE AND TRAVEL AT A SPEED OF 225 M.P.H.



AFTER A TARGET AIRCRAFT WAS HIT DURING THE FIRING PRACTICE: THE TARGET BEING BROUGHT IN TO LAND BY MEANS OF RADIO AND A PARACHUTE.



BEING PREPARED FOR LAUNCHING: A TARGET AIRCRAFT WHICH IS CONTROLLED FROM THE GROUND AND CAN BE MADE TO SIMULATE AIRCRAFT MOVEMENTS.



A THREE-IN-ONE UNIT OF RADAR, COMPUTER AND GUN: THE UNITED STATES ARMY'S NEW AUTOMATIC LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, THE 75 MM. *SKYSWEEPER*. IT IS CLAIMED THAT THE GUN CAN FIND AND TRACK APPROACHING AIRCRAFT AS FAR AWAY AS FIFTEEN MILES.

On August 13 some impressive practice shooting by American gunners, of the 39th A.A.-A. Battalion, with the U.S. Army's new automatic light anti-aircraft gun, the 75 mm. *Skysweeper*, was watched by British observers on the permanent range of British A.-A. Command at Weybourne, near Sheringham, on the North Norfolk coast. The *Skysweeper*, which is, in effect, an artillery machine-gun, can fire 12 lb. shells at the rate of forty-five a minute. It can be operated by night or day, regardless of the weather, and even when aircraft are invisible in fog. The equipment

has fully integrated gun and fire control: gun, radar, and computer are all mounted on one carriage and electronically operated. The shell has a proximity fuse of the type used against the German V.1's during World War II. It is claimed that the *Skysweeper* can find and track approaching aircraft as far away as fifteen miles, and engage and hit air targets at four miles. The gun costs about £112,000, but it is claimed that this high cost is offset by a reduction in the number of men and guns needed in *Skysweeper* units compared with *Bofors* units.





(1) ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN FALLS: HUTTON CAUGHT BY WICKET-KEEPER IMTIAZ AHMAD FOR 11 IN THE SECOND INNINGS. (2) COMPTON ABOUT TO BE CAUGHT BY IMTIAZ AHMAD FOR 11 IN THE FIRST INNINGS. (3) AGAIN CAUGHT BY THE PAKISTAN WICKET-KEEPER: COMPTON OUT FOR 11 IN THE SECOND INNINGS. (4) A UNANIMOUS APPEAL BY SEVEN FIELDSMEN AS IMTIAZ AHMAD CATCHES TYSON FOR 3. (5) YET ANOTHER CATCH BY THE WICKET-KEEPER IMTIAZ AHMAD, WHO IN ALL TOOK SEVEN: WARDLE OUT FOR 11 IN THE FIRST INNINGS.

#### THE FOURTH TEST MATCH: FIVE ENGLAND WICKETS WHICH FELL TO PAKISTAN'S WICKET-KEEPER.

The fourth and final Test Match against Pakistan, played at the Oval, August 12-17, although marred, like its predecessors, by atrocious weather, produced a very exciting result—Pakistan winning by the narrow margin of 24 runs. That such a close result was produced must be to a great extent attributed to the magnificent bowling of Fazal Mahmud, who, in all, took 12 wickets for 99 runs. He was

greatly helped by the remarkable catching of his colleagues, for all ten England wickets in the first innings fell to catches, four of them to the Pakistan wicket-keeper, Imtiaz Ahmad. In England's second innings, Imtiaz Ahmad caught three, bringing his total number in the match to seven. The series was drawn one-all and two drawn.



## ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES: NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



NOT ALLOWED ASHORE BUT GIVEN THE RUN OF THE TRAWLERS: HUSKY DOGS, WHICH TOOK PART IN THE GREENLAND EXPEDITION, IN ICELAND, ON THEIR WAY HOME.

Members of the British North Greenland Expedition, with twelve huskies and tons of equipment and scientific data, arrived at Pembroke Dock, South Wales, on August 11, in four *Sunderland* flying-boats. They had completed a 2000-mile return flight from Young Sound, in Queen Louisa Land. Regulations prevented the



A CANINE CO-PILOT: ONE OF THE HUSKY DOGS WHICH FLEW HOME WITH MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

huskies from going ashore at Reykjavik, but they were given the run of Icelandic trawlers anchored off-shore. The dogs were in quarantine in this country; later they will be used on another expedition to the Falkland Islands Dependencies of Antarctica.



HOME AGAIN: J. H. PETERS WITH HIS WIFE, SON AND BABY DAUGHTER AT HIS CHADWELL HEATH HOME, WITH R. G. BANNISTER (RIGHT).



REUNITED WITH HIS FAMILY AT HIS HOME IN HARROW: R. G. BANNISTER, THE CHAMPION MILER, WITH HIS PARENTS AND SISTER AFTER HIS RETURN FROM CANADA.

Among the English athletes who returned from the British Empire Games at Vancouver on August 14 was R. G. Bannister, the Empire Games mile champion, and J. H. Peters, who collapsed when in sight of victory in the Marathon. Peters was given an ovation when he arrived at his home in Chadwell Heath, Essex, accompanied by Bannister, who, as a doctor, had given him medical attention on the journey from Canada. Bannister said that he was going to have a week's rest at his home before going to Berne to take part in the European championships; he added that his future plans were uncertain.



ARRIVING IN THE NETHERLANDS FOR A STATE VISIT: KING HAakon OF NORWAY, WITH QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD, INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR.

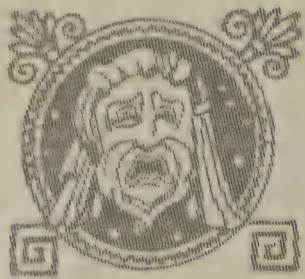
King Haakon of Norway arrived in the Netherlands on August 12 for a three-day State visit as the guest of Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands. Our photograph shows King Haakon inspecting the guard of honour at Amsterdam shortly after his arrival there.



AT LONDON AIRPORT BEFORE LEAVING FOR STOCKHOLM ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR JOURNEY TO CHINA: MR. ATTLEE (CENTRE), WITH MRS. EDITH SUMMERSKILL AND MR. BEVAN.

The Labour Party delegation to China, led by Mr. Attlee, left London Airport on August 9 for Stockholm, on their way to Moscow and Peking. The delegation of eight spent two days in Moscow before going on to Peking for a three-week visit to Communist China.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### DEFOE TO MAUGHAM VIA ROME.

By ALAN DENT.

WITH the conclusion of "Indiscretion" and the oncoming of "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" the huge cinema half-emptied itself in no time! The question whether or not the public reads film criticism remains open to doubt. But that it somehow acquires a working knowledge of what any film is about is evident from its behaviour almost before the criticisms have had time to be assimilated. "Indiscretion" was clearly about Mr. Montgomery Clift and Miss Jennifer Jones as guilty lovers saying good-bye for an hour and a half in a railway-station.



'FIRST AND FOREMOST THIS FILM QUITE REMARKABLY CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF DANIEL DEFOE'S WONDERFUL BOOK, WHICH IS—UNTIL MAN FRIDAY COMES ALONG—THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.' A SCENE FROM "THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE" (UNITED ARTISTS), DIRECTED BY LUIS BUNUEL, WITH DAN O'HERLIHY AS ROBINSON CRUSOE AND JAMES FERNANDEZ AS MAN FRIDAY. (GENERALLY RELEASED, AUGUST 16.)

Let's therefore flock to it! "Robinson Crusoe" was just that old yarn, unopened since earliest school-days, of a man marooned on a tropical island, with no indication whatever in the announcements or notices that he—or we—would be saved from tedium by a glistening young lady with some such magnetic name as Marilyn Lamour. Let's therefore flock away from it, and send the children some time! Hence—I must conclude—the behaviour of the audience when I saw these two films together in what constituted an admirable double-bill.

The first film, "Indiscretion," has been directed by Vittorio de Sica, and it therefore has its points, though they are not many. It happens entirely within the huge and elaborate railway-terminus in Rome which was begun under Mussolini's régime and has only recently been completed. The director is obviously quite much captivated by this huge roof, with its row upon row of innumerable parallel-curved lines, as he is by this Italian-American re-telling of Mr. Coward's "Brief Encounter" story. He is also captivated by the eternal multi-purposed flurry of the surrounding crowd of coming and going passengers (which is, of course, much like that of any other big railway-station anywhere in the world). And being Italian himself, he is most of all captivated by the sudden and inordinately dashing appearance of groups of fully-uniformed carabinieri—beings far too splendidly ornate in their attire to make any arrest of any ordinary people anywhere. These breath-taking beings—in any major Italian terminus—arrest nothing but the attention: and that would appear to be their sole *raison d'être* or *ragione d'esistere*.

All these things, the station itself, the crowds, and most of all the resplendent carabinieri, show such a tendency to come between us and the little story, that

Mr. de Sica—as if forcibly reminding himself that the story must, after all, be told—drags his two stars on to the screen over and over again in close-ups so enormous that the great station is all but obliterated or eclipsed for minutes on end. Fortunately, the visages of both Mr. Clift (with his stricken good looks) and Miss Jones (with her gift for looking tragic and roguish at one and the same time) can withstand such magnification, though we begin to feel towards the end of "Indiscretion" that they could not stand it much longer.

And what is it these two lovers are talking about? It is undoubtedly love. But the direction has the curious fault that the more these central figures are enlarged, the more inaudible becomes their whispered conversation. Once or twice the place-name Philadelphia came through: they might meet again in that city, or they might not. And at the height of all this miserable passion I had the irreverent thought that Mr. Clift, with his nose buried in Miss Jones's wistful ear, was merely whispering one of Cole Porter's wittiest rhymes:—

I'd go to Hell for you—  
Or Phila-delph-ia!

But as for poor old Robinson Crusoe, comparatively few people—as I began by saying—waited to see what happened to him! This film has been directed by Luis Bunuel (who made the memorably horrible "Los Olvidados"), and it has one or two points in its disfavour, particularly the colour, which is harsh in the style of the cheaper sort of coloured postcard. But the points in its favour triumphantly outweigh these considerations. First and foremost, this film quite remarkably catches the spirit of Daniel Defoe's wonderful book, which is—until Man Friday comes along—the spirit of solitude. There is a profoundly touching scene, in which Crusoe prays aloud to God, facing as he does so a little range of lonely hills. And he receives the answer in an echo which comes tumbling back from the hills, the echo three times repeated of the single word "soul."

Whether or not this is in the book I cannot say or remember. I would only say that if it is, it was brilliant of M. Bunuel to re-create the scene so beautifully in terms of film, and that if it is not, it is a piece of sheer inspiration. It reminds me directly of Hazlitt's



"... I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO HEAR MAUGHAM'S COMMENT ON THAT ADDITION TO THE TALE IN WHICH AN ELEPHANT REFUSES TO TRAMPLE MISS JOHNS TO DEATH, BECAUSE IT HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN HOW, YEARS AND YEARS AGO, SHE DABBED SOME HYDROGEN-PEROXIDE ON ITS TRUNK WHEN IT HAPPENED TO GET BITTEN BY AN ALLIGATOR." ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE BEACHCOMBER," SHOWING HONOURABLE TED (ROBERT NEWTON), MARTHA (GLYNIS JOHNS) AND THEIR NATIVE ORDERLY (MICHAEL MELLINGER) STAKED TO THE GROUND AND AWAITING THEIR FATE.

magical comment on the scene in which Crusoe comes near to madness in his agony of solitude:—"The thoughts of home, and of all from which he is for ever cut off, swell and press against his bosom, as the heaving ocean rolls its ceaseless tide against the rocky shore, and the very beatings of his heart become audible in the eternal silence that surrounds him." I have felt obliged to italicise a few words in this fine passage of

Hazlitt for the benefit of any careless or, so to speak, "Indiscretion"-minded reader. To all others I apologise for italicising our greatest essayist.

Crusoe himself is played by Dan O'Herlihy, who for the first five minutes appears just like any other



AFTER SPENDING THE NIGHT—THROUGH ENGINE TROUBLE TO HER LAUNCH—ON A TROPICAL ISLAND, MARTHA (GLYNIS JOHNS) SUDDENLY REALISES THAT, IN SPITE OF HIS APPEARANCE, THE HONOURABLE TED (ROBERT NEWTON) IS A DECENT MAN AT HEART. "THE BEACHCOMBER" (J. ARTHUR RANK), A COLOUR VERSION OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S STORY "THE VESSEL OF WRATH." (ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, AUGUST 5.)

Hollywood film-star of fresh good looks, but is at once taken in hand and developed by expert direction into exactly what Defoe intended—Mankind in person, alone and awed in the presence of his Creator.

In describing the extraordinarily touching portrayal of Man Friday by James Fernandez, that superfine and sensitive critic, Miss Dilys Powell, has stolen a march on the rest of us by saying that Friday "has been given the apprehensions of a beautiful, gentle animal." And it is this same critic who has best caught the essence of Luis Bunuel's direction:—"It may seem on the face of it like a simple film of adventure. Look again, and you will see something far less amiable, no doubt, but also far stranger and more exciting."

It should not be a far cry from this to "The Beachcomber," the new version of Mr. Maugham's "Vessel of Wrath," since this also happens on a tropical or near-tropical island. But it proves to be a far cry indeed. The point of the story is not entirely missed. Robert Newton hugely enjoys himself as the remittance-man who is reformed and married by the missionary's prim sister. Glynis Johns, perversely enough, looks far more like a pioneer than she did in "The Seekers" the other day. Donald Sinden as the Governor quite rightly sports a distinctly more responsible moustache than he did in "A Doctor in the House." Paul Rogers is saturninely Puritanical as the missionary. Muriel Box's direction is slick. And I would give anything to hear Mr. Maugham's comment

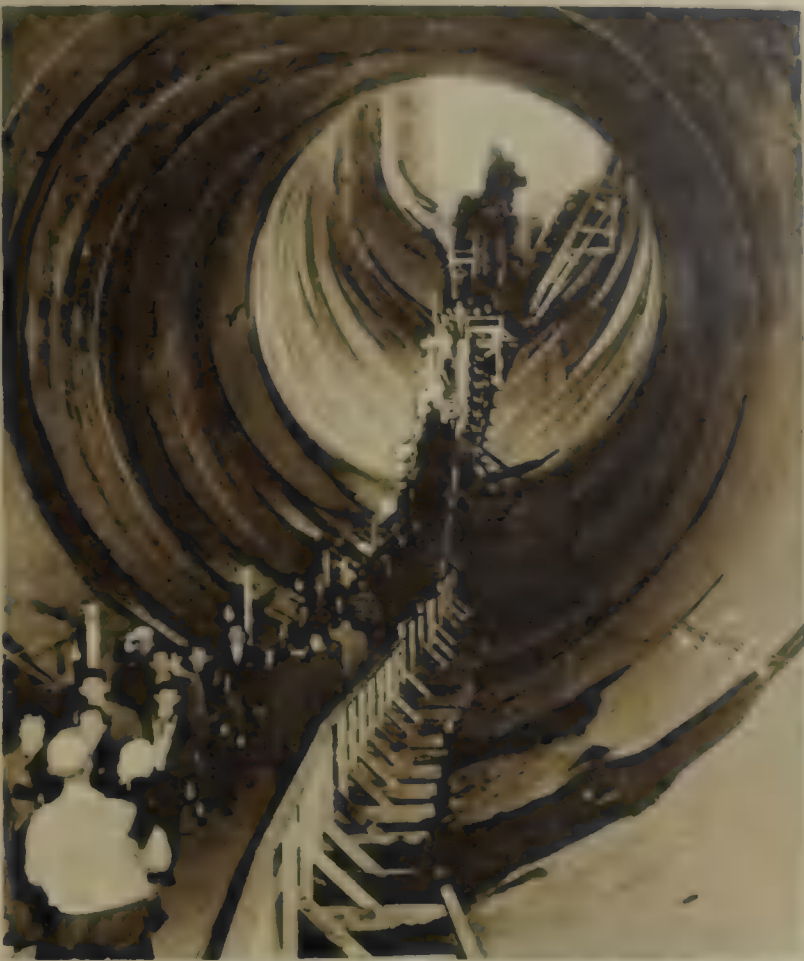
on that addition to the tale in which an elephant refuses to trample Miss Johns to death, because it has never forgotten how, years and years ago, she dabbed some hydrogen-peroxide on its trunk when it happened to get bitten by an alligator while it was taking a drink in the river. I enjoyed this film in its way. It nowhere made me think of the Almighty. But here and there it made me think of Mr. Maugham.



INGENUITY, INVENTION, AND PRESERVATION:  
RADIO, ENGINEERING, FLORAL AND OTHER ITEMS.



A MAGNIFICENT FLORAL WELCOME TO 200 DUTCH ATHLETES: THE DESIGN, COMPRISING SOME 55,000 PLANTS, ON THE LEAS AT FOLKESTONE, BEING TENDED BY MR. DOUGHTY AND MR. HALL. When 200 men and women athletes from Holland arrive in Folkestone later this month to take part in a sport interchange they will be welcomed by this magnificent floral design on the Leas. The windmill centrepiece has 11-ft. sweeps which are turned by an electric motor. The display will be illuminated at night.



OPEN TO VIEW: ONE OF THE 5½-MILES-LONG TWIN WATER TUNNELS OF THE 1,828,000 H.P. SIR ADAM BECK-NIAGARA GENERATING STATION NO. 2. One of the mighty twin tunnels of the Sir Adam Beck-Niagara Generating Station No. 2, to be opened by the Duchess of Kent on August 30 during her Canadian tour, was recently open to view to residents of Niagara Falls and Stamford.



ROLLING OUT THE RADIO-CONTROLLED BEER BARREL: MR. ALAN TAMPLIN, THE INVENTOR, GIVING A DEMONSTRATION IN HIS GARDEN TO VICE-ADMIRAL J. W. S. DORLING.



WITH ELECTRIC MOTOR, BATTERIES AND RADIO APPARATUS: THE INTERIOR OF PART OF THE RADIO-CONTROLLED BEER BARREL WHICH, HAPPILY, ALSO CONTAINS STOUT. A beer barrel which rolls round an arena under radio control is to be one of the many electronic side-shows in the Radio Show opening at Earls Court, London, on August 25. It is a genuine brewer's barrel containing stout and a soft drink, either of which can be drawn off and drunk, but a large part of the interior is occupied by an electric motor, batteries and the radio receiver and controls. The barrel has two speeds forward and two backwards and can turn to right or left.



WITHSTANDING HEAT FROM JET ENGINES: A NEW RUNWAY JOINT MATERIAL AFTER USE, SHOWING THE MELTED ASPHALT (BROAD STRIP) AND THE NEW MATERIAL. At an air base in Germany on August 11, the U.S.A.F. tested a new runway joint material designed to withstand the hot blasts from jet engines. The material, called *Posselit*, is intended as a replacement for the easy-melting asphalt which is now used between concrete runway slabs.



TO BE PRESERVED IN THE WELSH FOLK MUSEUM: CILOERWYNT, AN OLD "LONG-HOUSE" FARM IN THE CLAERWEN VALLEY BELOW THE NEW DAM. Ciloerwynt, in the Claerwen Valley, below the new dam, is an example of an old Welsh "long-house" in which the same roof shelters both man and beast, with a very scanty partition between them. It is being purchased this year for permanent preservation in the Welsh Folk Museum at St. Fagans Castle, near Cardiff.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## WORK AND PLAY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SOME years ago I overheard a discussion on casting in an amateur dramatic society. Two actresses were down for the same part, and one of the selectors expressed the difference between them



"SABRINA FAIR," AT THE PALACE THEATRE: THE SCENE IN WHICH SABRINA FAIRCHILD (MARJORIE STEELE), A CHAUFFEUR'S DAUGHTER, HAVING RETURNED FROM PARIS, IS FURIOUS WITH LINUS LARRABEE, JNR. (RON RANDALL), WHO HAS APPARENTLY NOT NOTICED HER NEWLY ACQUIRED CHIC AND SOPHISTICATION. DAVID LARRABEE (PHIL BROWN) WATCHES WITH AMUSEMENT.

in a phrase: "X," he said, "comes on, but Y comes off." Translated from its shorthand, this meant simply that X, after sleepless fretting to do the right thing, to be technically accurate, would appear with every hair smooth, every syllable and gesture judged, to go through her part as stiffly as a robot. Whereas dear Y, with little technique but any amount of sincerity, had only to enter to be accepted. It was truth against artifice. Y got the part.

At the same time, her performance would not have come through in a major cast, where she would have been expected to combine sincerity with technique, to know where she ought to be and what she should be doing at a given moment, but to conceal from the audience any kind of calculation. For "natural" acting at its meridian, one has still to recall the late Sir Gerald du Maurier. In a memorial poem, John Drinkwater wrote of this player's "quick and seeming unconsidered art," and another stanza began with the line, "Him, so compact in art, so debonair."

Usually, I think, we are troubled when anyone in the theatre—player or dramatist—is obviously working too hard, with beaded bubbles winking on the brow. It may be work; it should seem to us like play. I found myself brooding in this fashion all through "Sabrina Fair" (at the Palace), an American comedy by Samuel Taylor, the dramatist who wrote that French-Canadian play, "The Happy Time." "Sabrina"

was a reasonably pleasant night; but, more than once, everything appeared to stick, to waver to a stop. It was not the producer's fault: the dramatist had used up his invention. Could he get a fresh start? Would the wheels revolve? Always he managed it; always we sighed and, for a moment, relaxed again. I confess that, in the night's main interval, I was not speculating about the fate of the characters (for if Sabrina had gone off with the postman it would not have worried me); rather, I was remembering the record of those primitive railroads in the Southern States a century ago, when driver, fireman, and passengers

would leap out now and then to cut more wood for the boiler, so that the train could be urged along.

The title here is tell-tale: "Sabrina Fair." The heroine is called Sabrina Fairchild. Why? Because her chauffeur-father had read Milton. Perhaps. I felt it was because the dramatist himself had read Milton, and started to work with Sabrina in his mind as a good and useful name. He may hold, of course, that Sabrina was the only possible name for his creation, that it flashed up as the part grew. The comedy does not give that impression. To me it brought a picture of a dramatist who kept office hours in his study, and who built up a competent piece according to the rules, not because he had to write it, not because (in the phrase from a wholly spontaneous musical play) he was doing what came naturally.

Sabrina is very far from being the nymph of the Severn. Here no Attendant Spirit calls to her when she is sitting, "in twisted braids of lilies knitting the loose train of her amber-dropping hair." Instead, she sits on what might almost be a symbolic wall that separates class from class, the garage of her chauffeur-father from the home of his rich employer. The scene is the North Shore of Long Island. We are environed by millionaires. It is the country address of Wall Street. Matters grow difficult when one of the sons of the house wants to marry Sabrina, who has come home after five successful years as a secretary in Paris. She is a charming girl. Even so, ought the Fairchild Family and the Larrabees to unite? A democracy is a democracy, but this might be awkward.

The situation here is so old that the train must stop at any second. The dramatist must work, chop wood as fast as he is able. He does it so anxiously that, before long, we feel we are out with him, hacking away in the cypresses. The train does get up steam: we do reach the end of the journey, with Sabrina's future safely arranged. Personally, and with dark ingratitude, I cannot care what happens to the girl, or to any of the young men around her. They have occasional good lines, carefully phrased and weighted. Paul Hardwick, as a Sabrina-fancier from Burgundy, is a likeable young actor remembered from his

Shakespearean days at Stratford. Sabrina herself is played by an actress (Marjorie Steele) who has sincerity without technique. Although I liked her much better than I might have liked a glossy, calculated performance, all technique and no heart, I can think now of several actresses who would have been firmer, more amply persuasive, without losing Miss Steele's spontaneity. (A little concealed "ingenuity and artifice," as Mrs. Malaprop calls it, would help.)

Two experienced players, Cathleen Nesbitt and Zena Dare, poised and carefully casual, manage to freshen a



"SABRINA FAIR": DAVID LARRABEE (PHIL BROWN) ASSUMES SABRINA (MARJORIE STEELE) WILL BECOME HIS WIFE, BUT SHE HAS HAD A CHANGE OF HEART. LINUS LARRABEE, JNR. (RON RANDALL), JULIA WARD MCKINLOCK (ZENA DARE; STANDING) AND MAUDE LARRABEE (CATHLEEN NESBITT) LOOK ON.

pair of conscientiously witty women. My favourite actors are John Cromwell (who produces) as an elderly retired millionaire with a Cadillac, and Cyril Luckham as his chauffeur, head of the Fairchilds. These parts, from garage and big house, are clearly Mr. Taylor's prized decorations. The millionaire boss, with the odd name of Linus, spends his time at funerals—not because he is morbid, but because he appreciates the atmosphere of a well-conducted funeral and the niceties of its organisation. His chauffeur, who has usually sat outside on these occasions, reading fiercely—he has got through most of the world's best books—has been, privately, a judicious speculator. He is, so he admits at the last to a startled world, a millionaire in his own right. Fairchild has a certain Shavian quality: Mr. Luckham, an actor whose face can speak as many volumes as he has read, acts with a respectful candour; and Mr. Cromwell, whose direction does a lot for the piece, presents Linus with a nice, dry asperity. You might say that he uncorks every sentence. Not a lost evening; but I wish that Mr. Taylor could have hidden the evidence of his toil, allowed us to feel that, somehow, the play had just "happened," and that there we were on the shore of Long Island, waiting for events to unlink themselves. Too often, alas, in spite of its technical awareness, the comedy appeared to be all work and no play.

Nothing could be less true of the Basque dancers and singers at Sadler's Wells. This is one of the gayest, most warming, most endearingly spontaneous folk-entertainments I have met for a long time: it is a pity that its run is limited. Here the company

does indeed what comes naturally. We leave Sadler's Wells, remembering such things as the charming concentrated gravity of the singers, the zest of the Hoop dance, the whirl of the fandango. There are two so-called ballets; but nothing in the performance is self-conscious: the Basques sing and dance for the joy of it, and the piping-and-drumming of Polentzi Gezela ("Txistulari soloist," says the programme) lives in the mind after curtain-fall. These artists both come on and come off. I am already a Basque-by-adoption.



"THIS IS ONE OF THE GAYEST, MOST WARMING, MOST ENDEARINGLY SPONTANEOUS FOLK-ENTERTAINMENTS I HAVE MET FOR A LONG TIME: IT IS A PITY THAT ITS RUN IS LIMITED." THE *Danse du Coffre* FROM "LES BALLETS ET CHOEURS BASQUES ETORKI," AT THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SABRINA FAIR" (Palace).—The title of Samuel Taylor's comedy is from Milton's masque of "Comus"; but the scene is among the millionaires on the North Shore of Long Island: Sabrina is a Miss Sabrina Fairchild. The play is, I believe, to become a film, so I shall get to know this mild Cinderella-variation well. It is a stilted, artificial affair that comes off its stilts now and again to allow such actors as John Cromwell (the producer) and Cyril Luckham to create amusing and unexpected characters. (August 4.)

"SALAD DAYS" (Vaudeville).—This is the spirit of youth in the theatre: a carefree revue (from the Bristol Old Vic) that I will return to next week. (August 5.)

"LES BALLETS ET CHOEURS BASQUES ETORKI" (Sadler's Wells).—Basque folk-singers and dancers in a programme spirited, unpretentious, and pictorially gay, that I could have enjoyed for another hour—and there is a tribute more genuine. (August 9.)



SHIPS, GREAT AND SMALL, FOREIGN AND BRITISH, AND GREAT SEAMEN.



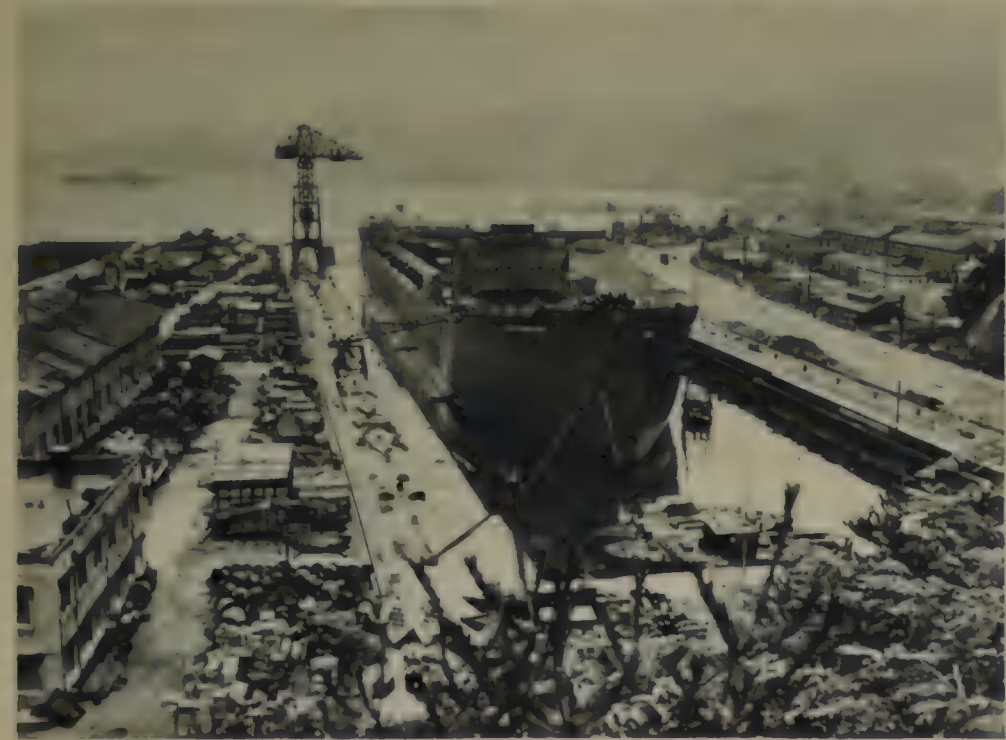
A HISTORIC VISITOR TO ENGLAND: THE PORTUGUESE NAVAL TRAINING-SHIP *SAGRES* (EX-*RICKMERS*), WHICH ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH ON AUGUST 8 WITH 400 CADETS ON BOARD. The fifty-eight-year-old sailing ship *Sagres* reached Portsmouth on August 8, with 400 cadets, for a visit of ten days to the Royal Navy. Built at Bremerhaven, launched in 1896 and captured by the Portuguese from the Germans in World War I, she was re-rigged as a barque and adapted as a naval training-ship in 1924-27. Auxiliary motors were fitted in 1931, but she is navigated by sail whenever possible.



LYING AGROUND ON THE NORTHERN PIER AT THE HOOK OF HOLLAND: THE BRITISH FREIGHTER *SPANKEE*, WHICH WENT ON THE ROCKS ON AUGUST 8. The *Spanker*, a Newcastle cargo steamer, ran aground on August 8 when unladen, on her way from Rotterdam to London, on the northern pier at the Hook of Holland, and was badly holed. The master remained over twenty-four hours on board alone, after having ordered his crew to abandon ship. Hopes of salving her were reported to be negligible.

(RIGHT.) *ARIES* WELCOMED HOME AFTER HER REMARKABLE DOUBLE CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC: THE CONVERTED LIFEBOAT CHEERED BY LARGE CROWDS ON HER RETURN TO KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

The 61-ft. converted lifeboat *Aries* (formerly the Padstow lifeboat), first powered craft of her size to make the double crossing of the Atlantic without help of sail, given a tremendous welcome when she returned to Kingston-on-Thames on August 10. Sirens and hooters of the vessels moored on both sides of the river greeted her in deafening chorus; and the Deputy Mayor of Kingston, Alderman E. R. Canham, was the quay to the captain and crew, who given laurel shoulder garlands by the chairman of the Sandbach Urban District Council—home town of David Foden, youngest member of the crew. *Aries* left Kingston on May 22, and reached New York thirty-three days later. Captain Cecil Harcourt-Smith, R.N. (ret.), with his crew of three—Lieut.-Commander Hight, Mr. E. Skelton and Mr. D. Foden—set off for home on July 19, and reached the Lizard on Friday, August 6, having taken twenty-four days crossing. The Minister of Transport congratulated Captain Harcourt-Smith and his crew; and described the voyage as being "in the best seafaring tradition." *Aries* carried greetings from Kingston-on-Thames to Kingston-on-Hudson; and in addition the object of the voyage was to test radio communications equipment for the Royal Navy and prove the ability of the 45-ton vessel to withstand a long voyage. During her voyage as the Cornish lifeboat, *Princess Mary*, the craft had helped to save forty-eight lives. On the outward voyage across the Atlantic, during which the *Aries* carried a passenger Mr. Alex Dellow, a photographer, heavy weather was encountered.



AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING, FOR PEACEFUL TRADE, IN JAPAN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE *ORE TRANSPORT*, SECOND OF THE 60,000-TON FREIGHTERS CONSTRUCTED IN KURE DRY-DOCK. Japan warships built in Kure shipyards against the United States in 1945; now an American firm is building giant freighters for peaceful trade in the same dry-dock. *Ore Transport*, a great cargo-vessel, is due to be completed in November.



WITH HER 800-FT.-LONG PAYING-OFF PENNANT ENTANGLED IN *VANGUARD*'S SUPERSTRUCTURE AND GUNS: *MERMAID* ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN, ON AUGUST 10. The frigates *Mermaid* and *Peacock*, which returned to Portsmouth on August 10 after over ten years' foreign service, were entitled to fly paying-off pennants of 1200 ft., but only flew those of 800 ft., as the longer pennants would have been unwieldy. *Mermaid*'s pennant became entangled in *Vanguard*'s superstructure as illustrated.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

"BE what you would seem to be" is doubtless a good rule in fiction, as in other walks—but it is not sure-fire; sometimes it can be more attractive in the breach. Look, for example, at "A Handful of Blackberries," by Ignazio Silone (Cape; 12s. 6d.). What this would seem to be about is the disenchantment of a Party leader, who has grown up in the Faith, fought for it at the Liberation, and then revolted in its day of power. As such, it makes one feel a little tired; or it did me, and for two reasons. The first is simply the monotony—we have had such a flock of penitents of the same kind. The other, more deep-rooted, is imperfect sympathy. When they denounce a "persecuting" creed, what can one say (if one has never been a Communist) except "Buz, buz"? Nor are they often penitent in the sense of blaming themselves. Commonly they look back with pride—"The Party was a great thing," says our present hero, "when it had to live underground." Whereas, in fact, not only was it just the same, but Rocco knew it was the same. He had been gaoled, once, with a comrade-inquisitor known as the Blindfold Mule, whose job was to smell out and harry "deviationists." Therefore he can't complain of being smelled out; indeed, no zealot of infallibility can have a just complaint, or a real argument for coming off it. And that applies even to Rocco's girl, the little Jewish refugee. Stella is harrowed by his wandering; gladly, she lends herself to an inquiry that will save his soul—and you can guess the rest. Browning forestalled it in *Confessional*; only his girl betrays her young man to the axe. Since the Italian Party has no axe, it has to make do with a "smear campaign."

And yet you mustn't think this is a drama. It is told streakily; it hovers back and forth, skipping and filling in. . . . In fact, it is not trying; not as a vulgar deviation-story. That is the surface clue; but the real thing has more affinity to folk-tale. Or rather to a folkish medley—as the title says "a handful of blackberries," the wild, fresh, native produce of a barren land. Rocco's first loyalty is to his own: to the three mountain villages, San Luca, Sant'Andrea, La Fornace. And in their age-long struggle to survive, Party deceits are a mere episode. Their immemorial foes are the Tarocchi clan; their drama is the "stolen wood," which cost so many lives, and burned down in the flames of hell; and their deep faith is in the Saint Lazzaro and his trumpet. It is an "ordinary trumpet," summoning the dispossessed when they "can't stand things any more"; yet it is also legendary. The powers that be can never find it. The Party grab for it in vain. They want to make Lazzaro a "town-crier"—but he is not their kind: no more than the old Roadhouse bandit Zaccaria, in the mountain gap, or his associates the Barefoot Men.

Yet in this immemorial, archaic world, even the Party has its rôle; it is a comic element. Poetry and comedy divide the charm.

## OTHER FICTION.

"A Villa In Summer," by Penelope Mortimer (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is a first novel, quietly distinguished, beautifully made, and yet acute in feeling. Andrew and Emily are much in love. They have a couple of small children and a London flat, almost impregnable to light and air, and almost too small to contain them. In the hot weather it is grim; Andrew is suddenly convinced they can't go on. And at that very point comes the reprieve—a country cottage for the summer, silence and space. . . . They can't believe in their own luck.

Except that Hassocks turns out to be unimproved. When they arrive, there is no coal, no paraffin, and no hot water; only damp blankets and wet stone. Next day they wake up in the sun, with a return of glee. But on Monday morning—Andrew's first day as a commuter—the alarm rouses them at six, to drenching rain; and then he has to rush off breakfastless, because the Primus didn't work. It is an hour's ride to the railway-station. He gets there wet and miserable, and caked with mud—and for a barrister in the Divorce Court, it won't do. Hassocks implies a car; and that means borrowing the price, and spending a bit extra. Emily, too, is spending more, he can't imagine why, and soon they are cleaned out. But worse still, they are losing touch; they have no energy for one another. Andrew has added four hours to his working day; and Emily is not herself—she is ground down by Hassocks, and her day of solitude. In reason, they are fellow-sufferers; but the man's instinct is to revolt from the whole set-up, Emily and all, and to demand a change. And there is one close by: young Mrs. Thompson, lacquered and inscrutable, at the Progressive School.

That is the poignant theme—desertion, and the loss of love. On country life I thought them eminently stupid; but it doesn't matter.

"Mary Anne," by Daphne du Maurier (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a full-length, romanticised biography of Mrs. Clarke, the author's great-great-grandmother, and may be called a work of piety. "The thing they remembered about her was her smile . . ." so it nostalgically opens. The thing remembered now is that she was kept by the Duke of York, did a large traffic in commissions, and then turned witness for his enemies and got him thrown out of the War Office. And one may reasonably feel that it lacks glamour—especially as he was pretty good at the War Office. What we are told of her early life, her scramble to "make good," and ill-judged subsequent career, is very much in the same key; a romantic heroine she needs a deal of writing-up. And here she gets a deal of it—with a strong tendency to rhythm, and a recurring smack of the Old Stage.

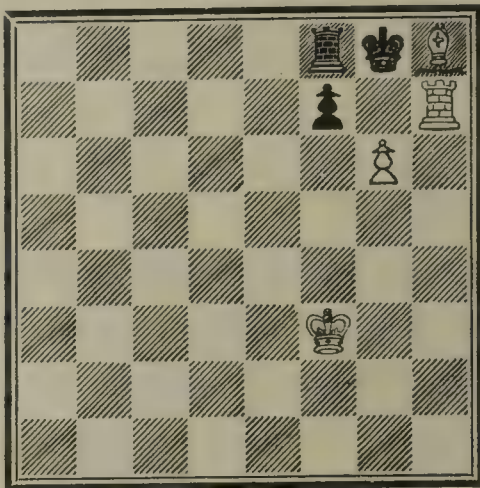
"The Strange Land," by Hammond Innes (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is just what you expect; perhaps a little more than you expect. This time, his "strange land" is Morocco. Two men have started for Tangier in a small boat—an English crook, and a Czech refugee scientist. Each has designs on Kasbah Foum, a wild gorge in the "Zone of Insecurity," which contains a ruined city, and possibly an ancient silver-mine. Jan holds the rightful claim; and Wade is drowned on the way over. But it is Jan who needs to disappear. So the excitements at the gorge, the Berber riot, and the attack on the French Post go hand in hand with an ingenious muddle of identity.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I HAVE a neat end-game study and a brilliant game for you this week. Don't look below, for the solution to the end-game—a miniature masterpiece by the Dutchman Weenink—is there. I might observe that R+B against R cannot win in any normal situation.

Black.



White.

White to play and win.

The game, with notes based on observations by the winner, was played in the course of a tour of Holland by a team of English boys last month.

King's Indian Defence:

| W. Vink<br>(The Hague)<br>White | M. Macdonald-<br>Ross<br>(England)<br>Black | W. Vink<br>White | M. Macdonald-<br>Ross<br>Black |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. P-Q4                         | Kt-KB3                                      | 8. P-Q5          | Kt-K2                          |
| 2. P-QB4                        | P-KKt3                                      | 9. Castles       | Kt-Q2                          |
| 3. P-KKt3                       | B-Kt2                                       | 10. B-K3         | P-KB4                          |
| 4. B-Kt2                        | Castles                                     | 11. P-B3         | P-KR3                          |
| 5. Kt-QB3                       | P-Q3                                        | 12. P-QKt4       | P-B5!                          |
| 6. P-K4                         | P-K4                                        | 13. P×P          | P×P                            |
| 7. KKt-K2                       | Kt-B3                                       | 14. B-Q4         |                                |

If Black takes the KBP in either way, 14. . . . B×Kt would cost him a piece.

|           |         |             |         |
|-----------|---------|-------------|---------|
| 14. . . . | Kt-K4   | 18. Kt-KKt1 | Kt-R5   |
| 15. P-B5  | P-KKt4  | 19. B×Kt    | Kt×B!!  |
| 16. R-B1  | QKt-Kt3 | 20. B×B     | Kt-K6   |
| 17. K-R1  | P-Kt5   | 21. Q-Q4    | P-Kt6!! |

The move White overlooked: threatening mate in one. Now if 22. P×P, P×P followed by . . . Q-R5ch; if 22. P-KR3, P-Kt7ch; if 22. R-KB2, P×R; 23. B×R, Q-Kt4. . . .

|            |          |            |           |
|------------|----------|------------|-----------|
| 22. KKt-K2 | P-Kt7ch  | 25. Kt-Kt3 | P×Kt      |
| 23. K-Kt1  | P×R(Q)ch | 26. B×R    | P×RPch ch |
| 24. R×Q    | Q-Kt4ch  | 27. K-B2   | Kt×R      |

White resigns. He cannot prevent the pawn's queening. A lovely game! This system in the King's Indian Defence, in which White goes all out to attack by advance of his pawns on the queen's side whilst Black makes a corresponding demonstration on the king's, has produced such a stream of wins for Black that we may soon see its disappearance from master practice.

Our team, though probably not the strongest available, won all four of its matches by a comfortable margin. The Dutch Chess Federation declined to pit against it a representative Dutch boys' team, pleading difficulty in selecting. A year or so ago the Dutch universities pleaded inability to raise a team against our universities which would make a reasonable match of it. We beg leave to feel encouraged by such reticences!

The end-game study is solved by 1. R-Kt7ch, K×B; 2. R-R7ch, K-Kt1; 3. P-Kt7! Now if Black moves his rook, 4. R-R8ch wins it, whilst if 3. . . . K×R; 4. P×R(Q) is more than adequate.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## DISCURSIONS ON TRAVEL, ART AND LIFE.

FEW literary phenomena have interested me more than the change, during my sentient lifetime, of the public attitude towards the Sitwells. Immediately after World War I. they represented the spearhead of the *avant-garde*. They were part and parcel of all that disturbing, shifting and, as she would have regarded it, shiftless post-war world which poor dear Mrs. Kinfoot found so puzzling and upsetting. You never (did you, my dear?) quite knew what they were going to be up to next. They had such odd disciples, too—young men with long hair at universities who bawled strange, incomprehensible verses through megaphones to the accompaniment of an orchestra playing something odd (and very flat), clattering typewriters and a noise of rushing waters. It was all as worrying as that Mr. Lawrence (not that nice one who did so well among the natives in the war, but that other one with the beard, the *real* copies of whose books you could buy at the Gare du Nord, but about which you had to be so careful at the Customs). Indeed, except that they were so much more *highbrow*, if you know what I mean, you might have thought them to have been in league with that young playwright Mr. Coward, with that terrible play of his, "The Vortex." What was worse, one never quite knew whether they mightn't be pulling your leg. Indeed, it was lucky for them that their writings were so difficult to understand that the brassy incomprehension of the glare in the eyes of dear Sir William Joynson-Hicks was turned on them to no purpose. Poor Mrs. Kinfoot! How surprised she would have been to see the day when the *enfants terribles* had grown up and become the standard-bearers of a literary and political conservatism which makes them the object of the envy and the malice of all those to whom tradition is anathema, elegance a hissing, and aristocrats, who are among the leading writers of our time, a scorn. Indeed the revolution is almost too complete, so that I find myself slightly resentful of the fact that I must regard every word of Sir Osbert Sitwell's "The Four Continents" (Macmillan; 25s.) with awe and wonder, for fear of aligning myself with the chipperings of those who, thirty years ago, would have idolised him but who now cannot forgive him the crime of being a baronet. But what a delightful book it is. Sir Osbert tells us that he had thought of calling it "Round the World in Sixty Years" or "Voyage Round the Inside of My Head." In a way, I would have preferred the latter. The inside of Sir Osbert's head must be, as this book shows, a wonderful place. Don't expect the journey to be a straightforward one, however. Sir Osbert has a sublime disregard for the unities. We dart backwards and forwards, more than a little breathless in trying to follow him. The delicious story of the defeat of the designing Mrs. Dudley FitzGudgeon runs on a parallel track to a moving tribute to our American allies which ends simply: "This is why I love America and the Americans." A discourse on magic and the magicians will suddenly break into the glorious anecdote of the late Lord Berners on all fours in his pyjamas determined to get in first bowl at the reputed werewolf, their landlord, and being greeted by an unmoved "Good evening, m'Lord." Sometimes, but very rarely, the satire does not quite succeed. I am in two minds, for example, about the story of Hitler's re-emergence called "The Man in the Front Seat." I am sure Sir Osbert will know what I mean when I say that it gave me rather the impression of the late Lord Curzon trying to join in a game of "Sardines" at a country-house party. But this is a cloud no bigger than a man's hand passing across the face of the sun of my pleasure in this admirable book.

When the Sitwells set out to *épater* (and how successfully!) *les bourgeois*, Mr. Eden Phillpotts was already at an age when many men think of retiring. Now, at the age of ninety-one and the begetter of over 250 books, this Peter Pan of authorship is still at it. Recently he produced yet another pleasing book of reminiscences in "One Thing and Another" (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). It is difficult to describe this new offering. It is not really a book of reminiscences, for Mr. Phillpotts allows his lively nonagenarian imagination to range widely forward into the future. It is not a book of essays, for it is charmingly laced with some most acceptable poetry. Perhaps it is exactly what the title implies—a pleasing medley which carries us wherever the author's fancy leads. Occasionally, like Sir Osbert's satire about Hitler, it does not quite come off, as perhaps in the chapters on "Eternal change" or on Bloodsports—the latter seems to have been inserted without reference to a neighbouring chapter on fly-fishing—but taken by and large the old master of his craft shows that his hand has by no means lost its cunning.

As Sir Winston Churchill's eightieth birthday approaches it was a happy idea of Mr. Colin Coote, with the aid of Mr. P. D. Bunyan, to produce "Sir Winston Churchill: A Self Portrait" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), an admirably chosen collection of quotations from Sir Winston's speeches and writings. Mr. Coote is in the privileged position of having been in close contact with Sir Winston for more than thirty years. Moreover, he is a wit, a writer and speaker of distinction in his own right. Take (at random) these two quotations from Mr. Coote's introduction. "To

admire trimmers is like admiring a motor-car without an engine. The tyres look lovely, but they don't turn." Or (for Mr. Coote has a prejudice against those who compose on a typewriter) "'The structure of the English sentence is a noble thing,' Sir Winston once wrote. So is the structure of an arterial road; and both are spoiled by ribbon development." Sir Winston and the reader are lucky in such tasty *hors d'œuvres* before so noble a main dish.

Alas! I find I have left myself little space in which to do justice to a notable volume, "The Handbook of The Greek Collection," by Gisela M. A. Richter (Harvard University Press; London—Geoffrey Cumberlege; £5). For twenty-three years Miss Richter was curator of the great Metropolitan Museum. The scholarly and beautifully illustrated handbook she has now produced will be a delight for all lovers of Hellenistic culture and will come as a revelation to many of the vast wealth of treasures which have passed from the Old World to the New and which are now out of the reach of Europeans because of the width of the Atlantic and the lack of dollars. Miss Richter's book does much to narrow that gap.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



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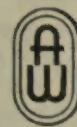
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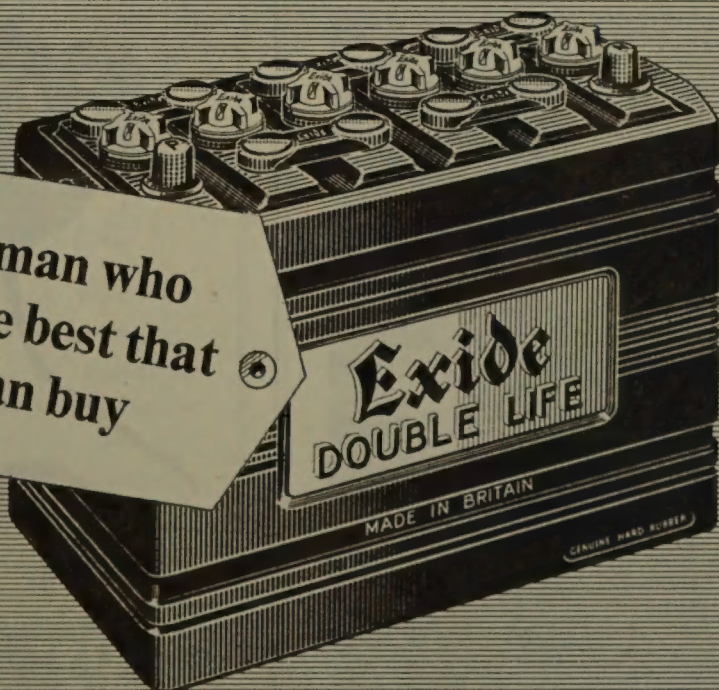
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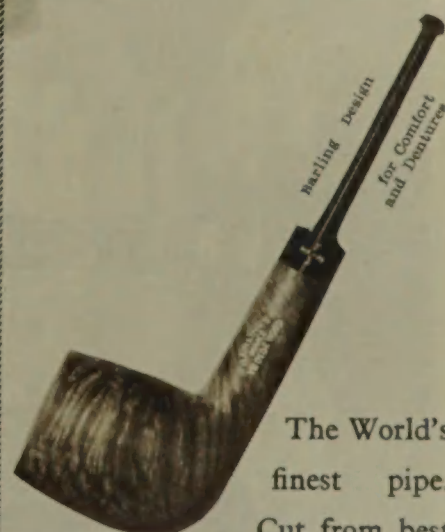
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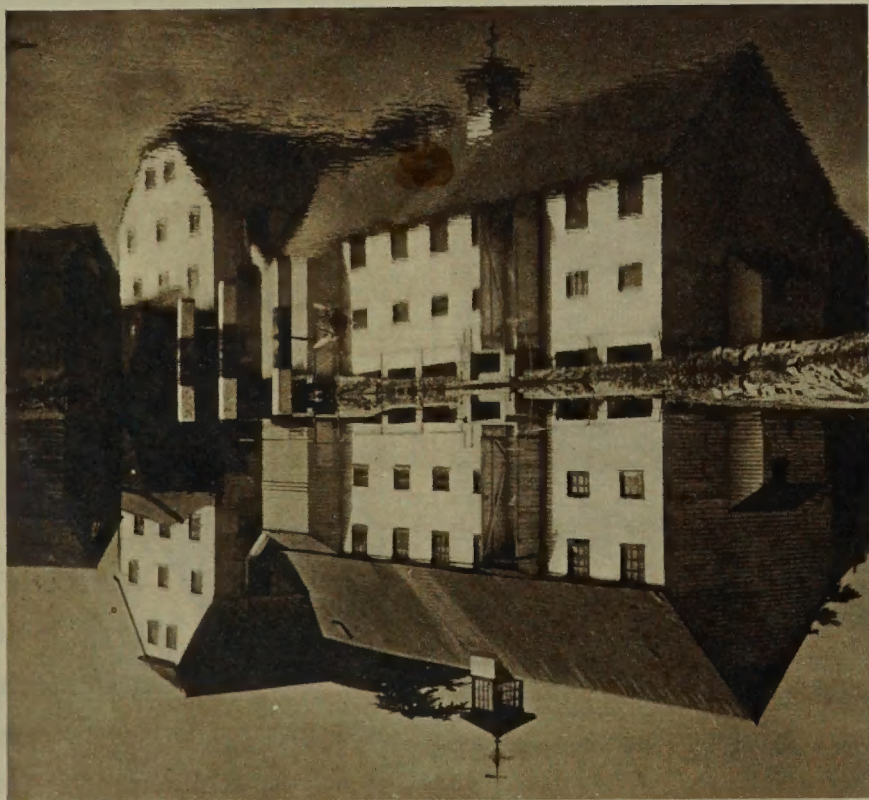
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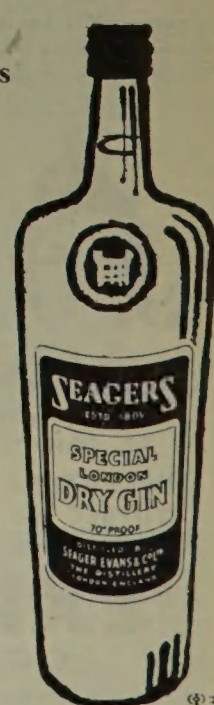
Is that why you drink it?

H'm, not entirely.

Mostly I drink it because I like it.

You consider yourself an authority on gins then?

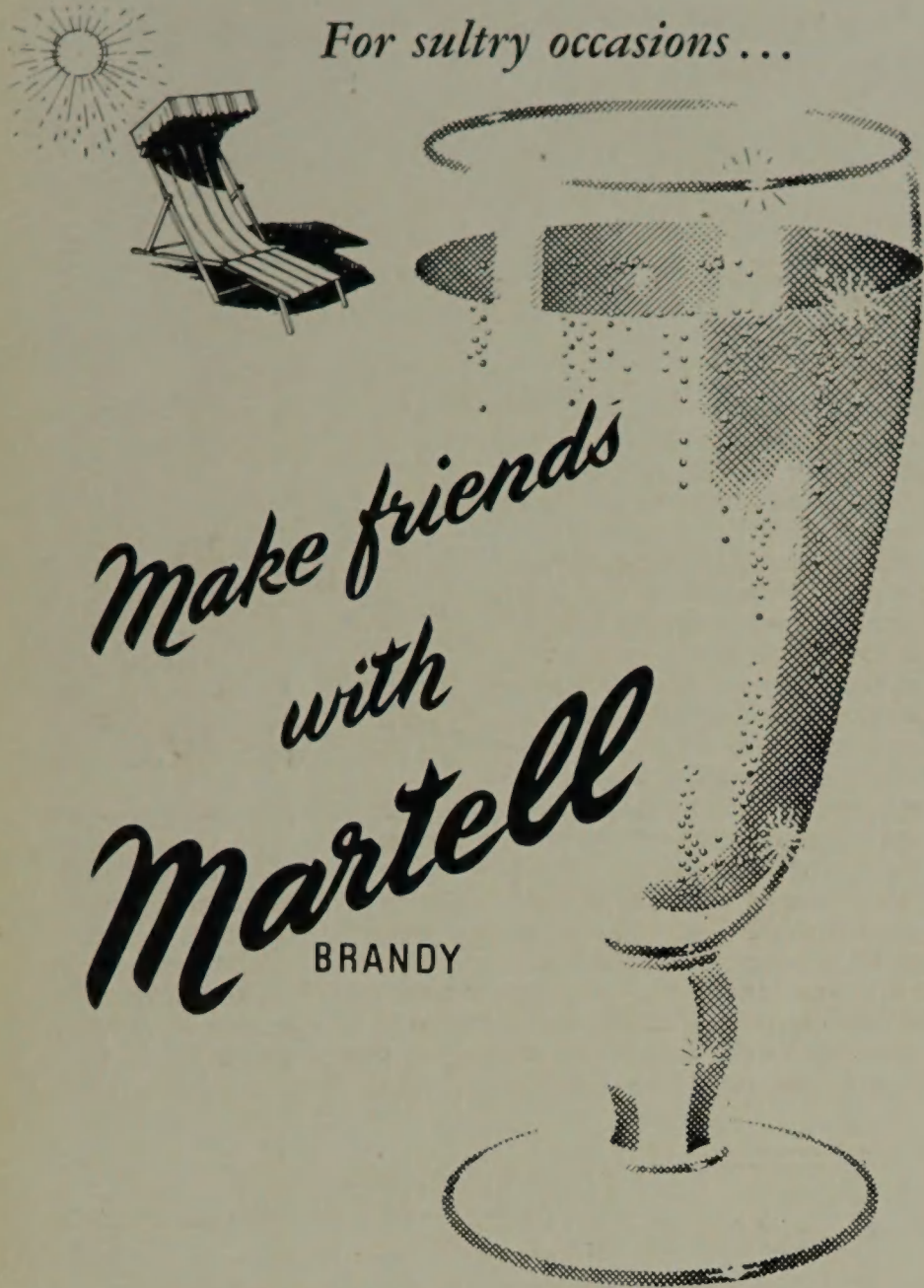
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Because the watching of birds is, if possible, more O.K. than anything else, we provide the birds. But as live birds are usually difficult brown smudges which dart across the eyes before they can be seen, and since all look almost exactly alike anyhow, our birds are (a) dummy and (b) impossible not to tell apart. See above three decoy ducks floating alone



on a Trust Pond in a Schweppshire Ornithological Union Sanctuary. Look again at the rolling sand dune which now you will see, perhaps, is a large piece of ordinary undercarpet cleverly camouflaged. Beneath it, how many watchers can you see? On the left, is Max Nicholschweppes making notes on the lack of movement observable through a periscope. Next is Eric Schwosking, capturing an unforgettable moment of unwild life. Peter Schwott, of Schwevern Wildfowl Trust fame, identifies with the help of his own identification book, the identity of the bird marked with an arrow, which is, of course, the bird marked with an arrow. Observing through binoculars are observers.

In the inset, Ludwig Henn records on the spot, after an eighteen-hour vigil, the typical squeaks of an actual weathercock.

*Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.*

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